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"EVENING," GROUP ON THE STAIRCASE OF THE BRÜHL'SCHE TERRASSE IN DRESDEN.—SCHILLING.

THE ALDINE.

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THE HUNT AND THE QUARRY.

FRANCIS TIFFANY.

ON any fine October day, in England, one may see in forty places throughout the kingdom, that something exciting is afoot. Here, on a hill-side, are collected together fifty to one hundred men and women, splendidly mounted, numerous packs of fleet and enduring hounds, a crowd of game-keepers, grooms, and whippers-in. What has brought out all these people, and filled them with such buoyant expectation? One wretched little hare, apparently, the like of which can be bought anywhere in the market for a couple of shillings, the bulk of which would furnish a hearty meal for one, or possibly two, of the great strapping fellows who have come out to the meet. Why not buy one, if they want it so badly, and have done with the matter? A penny subscription all round would suffice! Why not buy one outright? Because the hare they can buy is dead, the hare they are after is alive. There lies all the difference. It is not the hare as a possession, but the hare for the amount of run in him, that constitutes his worth in their eyes. They know what keen enjoyment there is in a break-neck pace, in topping stone walls and leaping ditches, in witnessing the speed and stanchness of hounds, in outwitting cunning and out-rivalling swiftness—and the little maukin will make them put forth these powers to the uttermost, and see all these sights before he will give in.

Now, it is precisely this hare or fox or deer-like quality in the most coveted objects of human pursuit, that constitutes a pre-eminent item in their worth. The game once run down, one is perpetually mortified and distressed that so little abiding satisfaction is to be got out of it. The dead hare is soon eaten and digested. Attempt to keep it, and it speedily rots. Manna is not the only thing that spoils if not daily fresh gathered. Everything rots, and becomes offensive to the mind—house, land, wealth, truth, wife, friend, no matter what—if suffered to stagnate into mere possession as final fact, and not quickly turned into means and prophecy of something new and still afoot.

Yes, this hare-like quality of things, their long and agile legs and springy, haunches, their power of whirling on a pivot, doubling and throwing us off the scent, the amount of skill and concentration and rivalry they bring out in us, this dowers them with one of their chiefest values. Men talk of the nimble shilling; this nimbleness is, after all, more of a right-royal quality in the shining coin, than the king's image stamped upon it. Shilling or dollar, how it bowls away before the sight, glancing back now and then to throw its silver sheen into the eyes, and calling to us, "catch me if you can!" Metamorphoses! All the wit and ingenuity of Ovid never began to devise for his hard-hunted nymphs and dryads the tithe of the shifts and disguises it is at home in. Now it speeds away into the State of Maine, and transforms itself into vast belts of pine and hackmatack forest, and cries, "would you find me, you must hew me down and drag me over the snows, and freshet me through the brooks, and raft me down the rivers, and rip me into boards and split me into shingles." Now it delves deep down into the earth, and calls up in faint, half-smothered voice, through strata of clay and slate and limestone, "here I am if you want me; I'm coal and iron and copper now; bring on your drills and sledges and blasting-powder." Now it is off for California, and penetrating as a golden mist the hardest and most intractable quartz-rock, hiding itself as infinitely comminuted particles in the minutest pores therein, and laughing in its sleeve at the rare hide-and-seek game it is playing—at the shifts man will be put to, with his ponderous crushers, stamping the rock to powder, and his lithe ferret, quicksilver, tracking through a million passages each scattered atom of gold. And anon, it is diving in the otter, and blowing in the whale, clear north in the Arctic circle, or it is waving in the sugar-cane and flowering in the coffee-tree,

under tropical skies. Ever the nimble shilling!—old Proteus come to life again. Is this all pure fun and tricky wantonness; or does the sly coquette sometimes pause to reflect how she is leading man in the track of empire, making him inventor, discoverer, ship-builder, thinker, hero?

Of course, when dripping with perspiration, and all out of breath, and savage in temper at some of its cantraps, we do not readily give in to the assertion that this nimbleness is, after all, a royal quality in the coveted coin. So have we heard keen hunters curse the fox, and in no measured language; and eager fishermen, an unwontedly shy or gamy trout. All very well, gentlemen! If this is your mind, there be wood-chucks that only ask to be dug out of their holes with a spade, and chubs and bull-heads to be pulled in by the bushel per hour. If it makes you thus mad that the hare runs so like lightning, and doubles in an eye-wink, why not take it out in chasing an old cow see-sawing across the pasture?

I have often been pained—as have all the rest of our tender-hearted race—sportsmen included—at watching the manoeuvres of a cat who has caught a mouse. I cannot explain the moral mysteries of the phenomenon, or fully reconcile it with the Divine mercifulness—at least on the mouse's side. As for the cat, she probably thinks it just the occasion for lighting the candles, swinging the censers, and chanting the "Te Deum Laudamus" with full choir. I hope the experience of the African traveler, Livingstone, who was once pounced upon by a lion himself, and pawed and played with for some time (he perfectly conscious all the while, and yet feeling neither fear nor distress, but only a strange kind of fascination) holds as true of mice as of men. Possibly it does. Where, however, we cannot fully fathom a mysterious problem, the next best thing, is to extract from it the most valuable practical lesson. Now, see what a profound and admirable knowledge of human nature the cat evinces. If she killed the mouse at once, there would be the end of her pleasure. Fully understanding the working of the human constitution, she knows that nothing interests it long that does not keep on the stretch its varied emotions and activities. So, very sensibly, and with rare self-control, she cherishes and economises to the last iota, "the run" in the captive mouse. As long as an inch of try-to-get-away remains in it, she would not exchange it for sixty caught in a trap, with all the run choked out of them by a wire under the throat. Not she!

Now, what is the rational upshot of all these facts of every-day experience? Must we acknowledge ourselves outright forced to give in to the truth of the monstrous paradox, set up and defended by so many philosophers, that throughout the whole range of human interests the pursuit is after all worth more than the attainment, the hunt the more interesting thing than the quarry? It is curious to note how many really great men have asserted this self-contradictory position. Sir William Hamilton argues it at length, and quotes formidable names to back him up. "It is not the goal, but the course, which makes us happy," says Jean Paul Richter. "Did the Almighty," exclaims Lessing, "holding in his right hand Truth, and in his left Search after Truth, deign to tender me the one I might prefer, in all humility, but without hesitation, I should request Search after Truth." "Men sincerely believe," says the sublime Pascal, "that they are seeking repose, when, in reality, all they are seeking is perpetual agitation."

The curious mental confusion at the bottom of this paradox and the glaring absurdity into which it has plunged so many powerful intellects is enough to make one permanently distrustful of all great authorities. The hunt after all the more important thing than the quarry! Men not really seeking things themselves, but only searching after things! Why smile at some poor idiot who has just carefully harnessed in the cart before the horse and is confidently expecting to see the load start off and draw the power, when such men as Pascal and Lessing gravely address themselves to a still more contradictory feat of reversal and Sir William Hamilton stands by, whip in hand, to lash the cart into action and cry "now see it drag the horse tail-foremost and eyes out behind!"

What is the hunt and what is the quarry? These are the preliminary questions to settle and questions, too, we may answer very unwisely. Our red-jacketed, plume-bonneted English gentlemen and ladies spoken of a little back—what is the quarry they are out after? Is it two or three pounds of hare-meat? This the philosophers seem to assume, while, in point of fact, no

one of the company would ride ten paces for it. No, they are after something very different. They are out—for fifty reasons—to meet their neighbors, breathe the fresh air, get up a hearty appetite, ride like mad, laugh, shout, out-do one another. That keen eyed, rosy-cheeked, ambitious-looking young lady, what quarry has she in view? Listen to the other merry girls laughing and chattering over the matter. If there is any hare in it, it is only because it partakes of "a hare-brained sentimental trace." The young squire is the quarry. If she can run him down, maukin may be killed or may escape for all she cares. In maukin her only interest is that he may give her a chance to show off such bewildering horsemanship that the ecstatic though horsey squire shall exclaim, "that's the gal for my money!" Language not couched, perhaps, in the highest poetic strain, but to the point, to the point.

There are, then, fifty different hunts afoot and each one is a successful and happy one only through bagging its especial game. Of course there are some single-eyed, concentrated sportsmen on hand. Contemptuous of women and all other trifles, they do take a most serious interest in the hare himself. But for how long? For so long only as his legs and lungs hold out. No one of them cares a pin for him but as a stimulant to rider, horse, or hound. Their real goal is victory over a marvelously organized creature of swiftness and cunning. If they fail of this they fail of their keenest satisfaction and curse their dogs and go home in a sulk; if they achieve it, they achieve their end even though they throw the carcass in the nearest ditch. But not so with the man who hunts hares solely for the market. He counts it so much clear gain simply to happen on the one lying there in the ditch and get him without the cost of a charge of power or the setting a snare. For his quarry is money and not victory.

No, the hunt is not the all-important thing and the quarry a comparatively indifferent matter. Every man who starts off trouting, at sunrise, in high spirits, and comes back weary at night with one bull-head, knows better. You can neither start nor sustain a hunt on these conditions. Of course it is perfectly true that the unsuccessful trouterman may, notwithstanding, have had a delightful time in other ways—in looking at the mountains, lying down beside the crystal brook, satisfying a splendid appetite on a bowl of milk and a quart of raspberries at the farm-house. But these enjoyments were in reality the game bagged by his æsthetic faculties and gastronomic sensibilities, and it was this quarry only that saved the day from being a miserable disappointment. And, just in this same way, the chase after the nimble shilling may and continually does prove the occasion of great happiness even though the shilling be never come up with. But how? Why to catch it a man may feel he must first make himself an acute lawyer or an ingenious ship-builder, must sail the seas, invent machines, study science, and, in pursuing these ends, he may secure such a quarry of intellectual delight in mastering the decisions of great jurists or the grand laws and forces of material things, as to fill him with abounding conviction that he has, after all, had a happy and successful life. But still these achievements are simply offsets to the pain or mortification he feels in not catching up with the shilling. They are precisely what save him from the misery he would have experienced had life been to him all hunt and no game.

All that the philosophers have of truth in saying that the quarry does not satisfy while the zest of the chase does, is simply this: The quarry does not permanently satisfy. Of course it does not. Man's onward and upward career would soon be at an end if it did. The book I read yesterday, the sunset I saw, the happy meeting at the trysting-place, filled me with light, beauty and love then. But I have not thereby exhausted my share in this bounteous universe. All things are mine.

"To-morrow for fresh fields and pastures new."

PRUDENCE.—The world of the senses is a world of shows; it does not exist for itself, but has a symbolic character; and a true prudence or law of shows recognizes the co-presence of other laws, and knows that its own office is subaltern; knows that it is surface and not center where it works. Prudence is false when detached. It is legitimate when it is the natural history of the soul incarnate; when it unfolds the beauty of laws within the narrow scope of the senses.

—Emerson.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

EMMET R. OLCOTT.

"PARIS, the center of civilization, is besieged and actually surrounded to-day, and the world moves on not heeding," was the wild cry of some of the Parisian press in September, 1870, when the Germans commenced to invest Paris. How queer we all felt to be in the great Paris, shut off from the outside world. Immediately came the question—"How are we to keep up our communications with the rest of the world?" "Erect a high tower," cries a learned professor, "and from its top make signals to another tower far off, which shall be guarded by the army of the Loire." Says another: "Keep captive a balloon over Paris, and then run a telegraph wire from it to another captive balloon stationed somewhere outside the Prussian lines, and let the slack of the wire be supported in mid-air by numerous smaller balloons." "Lay a wire at the bottom of the river Seine, while the Prussians are asleep," suggested a third. The only effectual means of communication, however, was by balloon and by carrier pigeon. But before this system was in operation there were several days when it was important for foreign ministers to send out news from the beleaguered city. On the 20th of September, Minister Washburne gave me a pass, as bearer of despatches for him, to go to London and return to Paris, and, on my seeking General Trochu, his chief of staff gave me a pass, in my official capacity, to leave and return to Paris.

It was a bright Autumn afternoon, the 20th of September, three days after Paris had been entirely surrounded, that I started on horse-back with my despatch-bag and shawl strapped in front of me, from the United States Legation in the *Rue Chailot*. As I passed through the gate of the city, on the road to Saint Germain, the soldiers on guard eyed me inquisitively, but no one asked for my pass, as the large official red seal on my despatch-bag seemed to satisfy them.

Long half-moons of dirt were across the front of the gates; the gates were painted green, to be less noticeable to the enemy, and a small drawbridge was let down to allow passage across the wide, dry moat. Inside the gates a battery of flying artillery was awaiting the command to start off at a gallop to any threatened point, while groups of lounging soldiers or militia, being drilled, dotted the open space behind the high walls.

On leaving the gate, I commenced to pass through the zone of devastated country in which houses, walls and trees had been torn down to give full sweep to the guns of the fortifications. I had, however, gone only as far as *La Malmaison*, about four miles from the city gate, when I came suddenly upon a picket of German soldiers, who refused to let me pass. Argument, with a number of gentlemen armed with needle-guns, being out of the question, there was nothing for it, but for me to turn back. The prospect of my pursuing my proposed journey seemed very far from flattering, and I very clearly saw before me the probability of an enforced residence in the French capital for an indefinite period.

I thought, however, that I would not give it up without making at least one more attempt; so, turning my horse's head to the northward, I rode on till I came to a bend in the river, at a little place called Chatou. The bridge across the river had been blown up with gunpowder, so I dismounted and searched for a ford. Suddenly, on looking up the river, I saw a railroad bridge still standing. I at once galloped to it and found it was guarded by a French picket, who let me pass after examining my papers, but warned me that the enemy were but a short distance along the road. Here was another dilemma. After a moment's reflection I determined to attempt a bit of strategy; so, putting spurs to my horse, I went at a hard gallop directly towards the German outposts. The men presented their pieces at me, and ordered me to halt; but, holding up my despatch-bag and making a variety of signs, as if I had some matter of life and death to communicate to his majesty the king, I dashed past them, and, before they had recovered from their surprise, a bend in the road hid me from their sight. I rode straight on along the railroad track until I came to Saint Germain, where I found a young German officer, who directed me to the headquarters of the Crown Prince of Prussia, in the prefecture of Versailles.

General Blumenthal, before whom I was conducted, questioned me very closely as to the manner of my leaving Paris, and the place where I had passed his outposts. He expressed great surprise that I had been able to pass the guard, telling me that he had given positive orders that no one should be allowed to leave the city or enter it on any pretext whatever. Finally, he examined my commission and endorsed on the back a safe conduct through the German lines; informing me, at the same time, that no one but the king himself could give me permission to re-enter Paris. Our interview being thus happily terminated, I rode rapidly in the direction of Rouen, which lies some seventy miles northwesterly from Versailles. My pass took me by all the picket stations until, after a ride of some forty miles, I came to the town of Vernon, which lies about midway between Versailles and Rouen. Upon entering the town I was stopped by some French soldiers, to whom I offered to show my papers, but, with singular lack of military discipline, they said it was not necessary and told me to pass on. I rode direct to the railway station, to learn at what time it would be possible to leave for Rouen, but was told there were no trains then running. In the midst of the conversation I heard a noise of hasty footsteps, and, looking out, saw some soldiers coming at double-quick, followed by a rabble of citizens. Arriving breathless, the soldiers, with grotesque gesticulations, demanded to see my papers, and reproached me with unheard of enormous offenses. I explained that I was an American citizen, a bearer of despatches, traveling under the safe-conduct of General Trochu. A sort of council of war was improvised, and the open-mouthed citizens, crowding about, freely offered suggestions and advice. They could make nothing of the English portion of my papers; the French seemed to satisfy them; but, just as I was congratulating myself that I should be allowed to go in peace, they spied my pass from General von Blumenthal, and, it being written in the German language, the whole crowd, soldiers and civilians, jumped to the conclusion that I was a Prussian spy. Then there was a chattering and a jabbering, and a pushing, and a crowding, and it really seemed as if they thought the salvation of the whole country depended upon my instantly being led to execution. Four strapping fellows, with fixed bayonets, seized me at once; as many more closed in behind; others took charge of my horse, and I was led in triumph through the streets to the Town Hall. The mob, swelled every moment by new accessions, assailed me with such complimentary epithets as "See the Prussian spy!" "Hang him!" "Death to the spy!"—the re-assuring effect of which upon my spirits may be readily imagined. It was in vain that I showed my captors the absurdity of supposing that I could pass through the German lines without a safe-conduct from their commander. They were deaf alike to remonstrance and argument. I was led off to the Town Hall, where I was confronted with the mayor and town council, who had been hastily summoned to decide upon my case.

The officer and soldiers comprising my guard, all commencing to explain my arrest in the same breath, the good mayor had to command silence, and then, turning towards the officer in charge, asked the details. After a long, rambling story, he referred to another person present, who had first spied my German pass. This individual presented himself, and said he knew that Monsieur had a suspicious document, and he inferred I must be a dangerous character. The pass was at once produced, and handed him to read. He took it carefully in his hands, turned it upside down, then reversed it and commenced to study it out. The mayor and entire council stood waiting the result with intense interest. One, two, and three minutes passed. I thought my inquisitorial friends would burst with impatience, and I almost laughed in their faces. At length, the man handing me the pass, requested me to read it for him, at the same time commencing to talk a few German words with great deliberation and embarrassment. I laughingly complied with the request, read the paper, translated each word *verbatim et literatim*, and, finding he understood next to nothing of German, continued my explanations to the others in the French language, though it was very apparent that my familiarity with German caused the gravest suspicion. I was then subjected to a severe cross-examination by each one of these official wisecracks in turn, my papers were scruti-

nized, and, finally, becoming satisfied that the fate of France would not be jeopardized therefrom, they told me I was free. The mob outside, however, who had been apprised of the fact that I had secret despatches in German, from somebody or other to somebody else, and who had patiently waited to see me hung, showed no signs of making a passage for me to pass through, so the mayor kindly escorted me to a hotel whither my horse had been taken, and where I hired a fresh horse and wagon to take me on to Rouen, which I reached without further adventure. The trains being still run with more or less regularity from this point, I was enabled to get safely through to Calais, and thence to London.

THE BRÜHLSCHE TERRASSE.

EVERY German town of respectable size—one might almost say every village—has its central point for popular and social meeting and diversion. Under various names, Prater, or Thiergarten, Anlagen, Wall, Terrasse, or what not, these localities have always one or two main features in common—music, facilities for sitting or walking in the open air, and—beer, to say nothing of other and less favorite refreshments. In Dresden this focus of popular life has the advantage of being literally in the topographical center of the city, on the south bank of the Elbe, at the bend of the river, and immediately adjoining the Palace Square, which, with its setting of beautiful buildings, the Cathedral, the Royal Palace, the Zwinger, or collection of Royal Museums, and the exquisite Theater, once offered as picturesque and interesting a scene of architectural beauty as any spot in Europe. Of these, the last named, alas! the master-piece of the famous architect, Semper, is now in ruins. The writer will not easily forget standing on the square, a year ago last Autumn, shading his eyes from the overpowering heat of the burning theater, and glancing over to the Terrasse, which was black with a dense swarm of fascinated and awe-struck spectators, while the grand *Freitreppe* or staircase leading up to it was one vast piled-up mass of white and eager faces, over which the great smoke wreaths swirled and eddied and the blazing flakes drifted in fiery showers. But, *pazienza!* the theater is rising, phoenix like, from its ashes; meanwhile we will go back to our subject.

The Terrasse, as its name implies, is a promenade laid out along a long and narrow ledge, flush upon the river bank, and faced with a perpendicular wall some forty feet in height, at the foot of which are narrow quays and landing-stages for the steamers from Pillnitz, Saxon Switzerland and the Upper Elbe. Along the promenade itself is a row of interesting buildings. First in order to the visitor who has just mounted the grand staircase (at the foot of which is the group we have given on our first page) comes the Art Union Exhibition Building, where, at brief intervals may be found very clever collections of the modern German school of paintings. Next in the line comes the Art Academy, which ranks among its professors such honored names as Julius Hübner, Schnorr, Richter and others, and then the cafés, the neat and *rococo* little Café Reale with its mirrors and ice cream tables, and the Belvedere—the Mecca and point of pilgrimage of all cosy, pleasure-loving Dresden burghers. At this point the promenade makes a sudden sharp bend to the right and, running back from the river along the Botanical Garden, brings the visitor in a few steps back again into the heart of the town.

The view from the Terrasse is charming. In front lie the picturesque buildings of the Neustadt (the less fashionable quarter of the town) with the long low stables and riding-school of the artillery. At the left, the Palace Square is black with its rows of waiting *droschkes* (hackney carriages) and the swarming thousands streaming back and forth over the Old Bridge, between the two quarters of the town, while far away over the square and the outlying suburbs, the eye rests pleasantly on the low blue line of the Meissen Hills. Eastward, and up stream, the outlook is even more attractive. A few miles from the town, almost immediately, indeed, the banks begin to swell in soft and picturesque vine-crowned hills, rich and glowing in the purple afternoon light, and variegated with every sort of village and country house, growing bolder as the eye wanders farther over their more and more distant outlines, till they blend in the sharp cliffs and fine basaltic masses of the Königstein, the Lilienstein, and the Bastei—the grand natural

fortresses of the Saxon Switzerland. Prominent in the near view, a few miles up stream, are the castellated outlines of that stronghold of King Gambrinus, the Waldschlösschen, one of the three or four most famous breweries and beer gardens of Germany; while a little beyond is seen the charming villa of Prince Albert of Prussia, the Albrechtsburg. The student of literature will strain his sight to discern still further on, towards Pillnitz, the little village of Loschwitz, where, in a pretty vineyard summer-house belonging to Körner (the father of the poet), Schiller wrote his famous work *Don Carlos*; and the thoughts of the music-lover will wander still further to the hamlet of Hostowitz and Weber's house, where this delightful composer wrote his great operas, *Oberon* and *Freischütz*.

At the foot of the bank the view gets still further animation, in Summer, from the stream of passengers setting to or from the Elbe steamers which dart up and down the lovely river and open the communication with Saxon Switzerland, the Upper Elbe, and the main railroad lines to Prague and Vienna; while, just below the Old Bridge, we descry the smoking funnel

Belvedere gives, if I rightly remember, as many concerts as there are days in the year, not to mention the many days when they are given both afternoon and evening. The programmes are generally very light and varied, divided into five or more "parts" with long intervals between for eating, drinking, and conversation, and each part usually contains one number of somewhat classical pretensions. On my desk, as I write, lies a programme for *Sylvesterabend* (the evening before New Year's Day) 1869, given by Mr. Orchestral-leader C. A. Ehrlich, with the orchestra of the *Royal-Saxon-Body-Guard-Grenadier-Regiment*—"King John," and consisting of forty members, with the usual proportion of stringed and other instruments customary in an orchestra of this size. Mr. Ehrlich's principal rival in the affections of the Terrasse public, is Mr. Staff-trumpeter Wagner with his noble regimental brass band. When the concert is led by Wagner (a fine handsome young fellow, brilliant in his light blue and silver cavalry uniform, who stands modestly but composedly in front of his orchestra, occasionally taking a solo on his favorite

ant and convenient place of resort for a spare evening, though, in the last year or two, this amusement has begun to be voted a little *bourgeois*. The American visitor will be especially struck with the sight of the family groups, old and young, direct and lateral branches, all gathered round the plain painted tables with which the hall is filled—the ladies knitting or embroidering, or feeding the children, the gentlemen smoking, and the whole party addressing themselves, with a sober and tempered gaiety, to thoroughly enjoy the evening and get the worth of their money.

The greatest friendliness and good humor prevail—all the little services and favors which, in a mixed assembly of the kind, one guest may fairly ask of another, are very kindly and cheerfully rendered—only, on no account ask any one to open a window or allow one open in his neighborhood. The German constitution dreads a draught as it does the plague, and serenely accepts any degree of suffocation in preference. Indeed the Teutonic lungs seem to play more freely with carbonic acid at a pressure of unnum-



COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

of another little steamer which will, in an hour or so, land us further down the river at the famous porcelain works of Meissen. In Winter, when the Upper Elbe sends down its floating masses of ice blocks, crushed, powdered, and snow heaped, the view is often very fine as the great frozen islands and arctic fields are piled up, groaning and hissing, against the piers of the bridge, or, gradually splitting and yielding, plunge with a cracking and sullen roar through the dark arches and out into the eddying whirlpools below. Last Winter the whole broad river, for miles up stream, was fast bound in icy fetters for weeks; a great skating rink was extemporized on the surface of the stream, and the Terrasse was crowded with spectators to overlook the black, swarming, buzzing, whirling multitude—a bee-hive on a white back ground—which crowded the frozen river all along the city water front.

But the daylight fades and night settles down over the smiling city; so, turning from the picture outside, we will give a glance at the picture within the brightly lighted Pavilion, in front of which we have been standing. The Belvedere is not only a regular, but an almost unintermittent musical institution. With the exception of here and there a religious fast, the

instrument the trumpet) the first portion of the programme is usually for military music. In the second, the band, laying down their brass instruments, take up their reeds and strings, and resolve themselves into a plain civilian orchestra of the ordinary pattern.

In the present programme, the first part, for example, contains four numbers—a march, by Voigt, the overture to Boieldieu's "Dame Blanche," another waltz, by Lanner, and the finale from "Don Giovanni." The fourth part contains the andante from Haydn's "Farewell Symphony," and the fifth, and last, concludes with the finale from Wagner's "Lohengrin." Once a week or so the concert is entirely classical, and generally comprises one symphony, with separate movements and overtures of the great masters, all very charmingly played, and this at prices varying from six to twelve and a half cents.

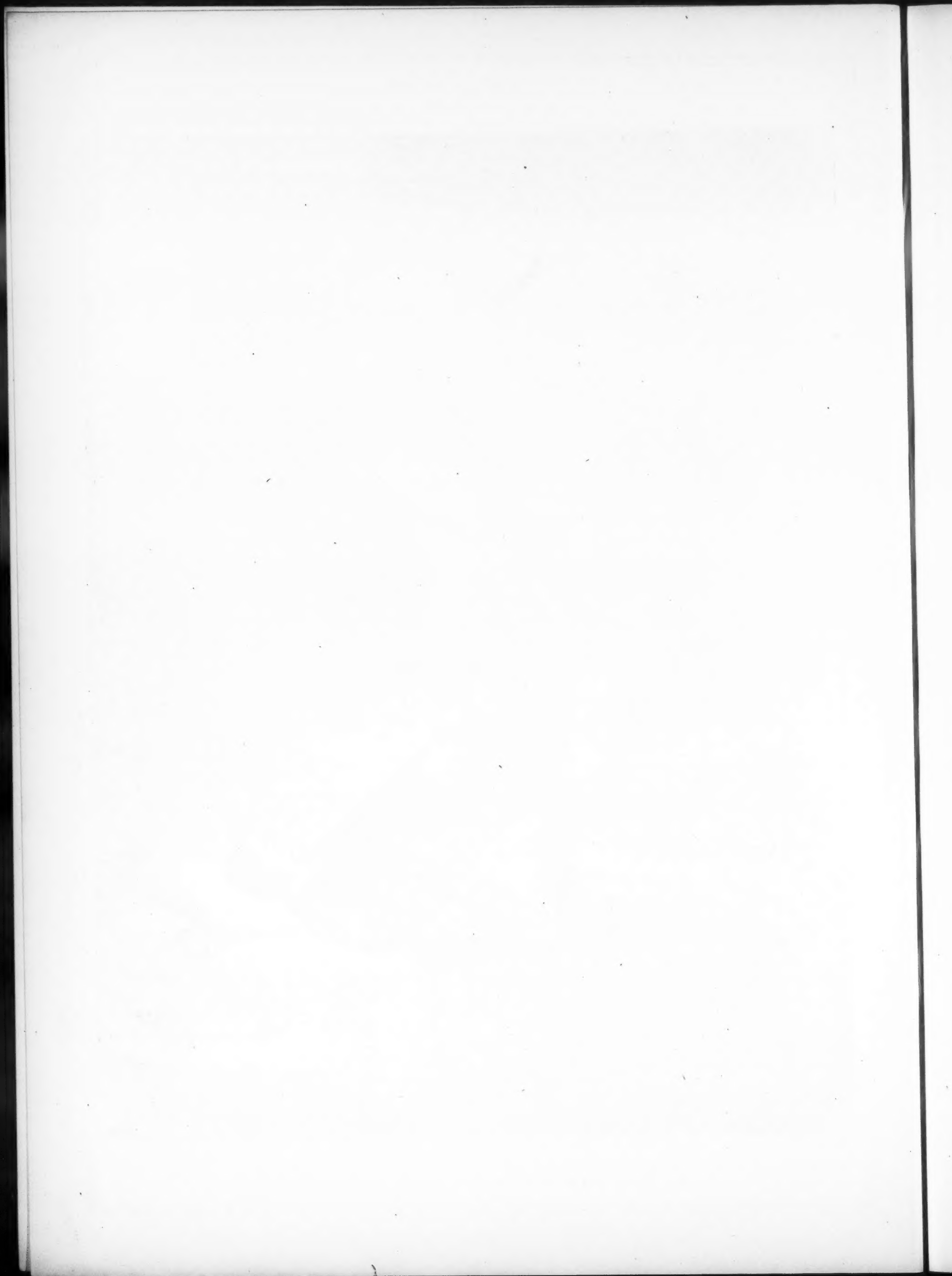
The audiences on these occasions are, though not precisely aristocratic, certainly in the highest degree respectable. The upper classes of tradespeople, artists, teachers, professors, *rentiers*, and others, not including the nobility—all these, with the officers in garrison in the city, furnish a large proportion of the Terrasse public. The Americans, and other strangers resident in the town, also find it an amazingly pleas-

bered pounds to the square inch. He who would dilute this with influx of fresh air, through surreptitious crack or cranny, let him be anathema. Of course the amount of tobacco smoke on such occasions is something appalling. I well remember the *coup d'ail* which the Belvedere presented on the *Sylvesterabend* above mentioned—the crowded pavilion, the waiters skurrying back and forth with dishes, beer mugs, and seltzer bottles, and the musicians, half seen in the background, through the dense smoky veil in which the very gaslights turned faint and dim.

But, with all the drawbacks we may find in German smoke, or beer, or indigestible dishes—spite of the slightly unfashionable character of the audiences, and the unclassical selection of the programmes, the Brühl'sche Terrasse, or rather the Belvedere, is, after all, an excellent specimen of the German popular concert and social gathering. If we have been misled to speak of it too much at length, on the bare suggestion of the statuary which meets the visitor at the foot of the staircase, we must beg the reader's excuse, still hoping that to many there may be some interest in our little sketch (taken from long and intimate observation) of this so noticeable feature in German social life.



DANTE AT THE STUDIO OF GIOTTO.—AFTER THE ORIGINAL BY KEYSER.



TEARS.

THE sea shone bright in the distance far,
Where the sun's last rays were thrown,
As we sat by the lonely fisherman's hut,
We sat all still and alone.

The mist hung dark—the waters swelled;
The sea-gull skimmed around;
While from thine eyes the trickling tears
Fell fast upon the ground.

I saw them falling on thy hand,
And to my knees I sank,
And from thy little lily hand
The scalding tears I drank.

Since then my body has burned in pain,
And languished my soul for years.
Alas! the wretched, artful girl
Has poisoned me with her tears!

—Heyne.

A VETERAN OF CLASSICAL MUSIC.

From the German.

ON the evening of November 26, 1846, the stairway of the Gewandhaus, at Leipzig, offered a singular spectacle. Before the still unopened doors of the hall, every step and landing of the stairway, two stories in height, was crowded with a dense throng of ladies and gentlemen—in great measure drawn from the first circles of the city—all longing for the moment when their waiting should end, and entry be allowed into the hall.

The subscription concerts of the Gewandhaus, at that time so celebrated, under Mendelssohn's leading, had not yet entirely lost their simplicity of form. They were instituted in March, 1743, by sixteen amateurs; and led by the originator of the plan, the bookseller, Gleditsch, they at first had the character of social family reunions. To such an extent was this true, that only the founders had tickets, while, according to the phraseology of the invitation, the "lady of the house," and, likewise, "passing guests," had free entry. A like freedom prevailed in the friendly intercourse of the concert-room, and of this absence of ceremony considerable traces still remained even a hundred years later. Friendly visits were in order between the pieces; and at the main pause between the first and second parts of the programme, ladies and gentlemen all rose to their feet, and the animated conversation of the great audience was like the humming of a gigantic bee-hive. Reserved seats were not yet dreamed of. Whoso would have a place to his mind must be early on the ground, while there was still room for choice. On the day in question, the number of aspirants was unusually great, hence the crowd on the staircase before the opening of the doors; for the report had spread through the town that morning with lightning rapidity, that Moscheles, the most famous pianist and composer, the most noted veteran of the classical school, the master of legato playing, the leader and model of all the *virtuosi* whose skill had been so admired the past winter—that this great artist would favor the audience with a piano performance. We young folks were anxious to savor this delight to the uttermost, and so to sit that no motion of hand or finger should escape our notice.

Moscheles had but a few weeks before removed from London to Leipzig. His pupil and friend, Mendelssohn, had succeeded in getting him back to his native country, and securing, at the same time, the most distinguished professor for the conservatory of music, which he had just called into being.

It was not Moscheles' intention to appear as a pianist at public concerts; and so but few, and those few but rarely, had a chance to hear him. But on this day, R. Wehner, of Dresden, was on the programme of the seventh subscription concert, for a piano concerto. The very day before, certain insurmountable obstacles were discovered at the rehearsal; and to help the management out of a dilemma, and offer a pleasure to the cultivated audience at one stroke, Moscheles resolved to renounce the strict privacy he had contemplated, and appear in the young *virtuoso's* place.

In the execution of this exceptional act of amiable assistance and kindly consideration for others' wishes, the famous and petted artist was introduced to the circle of *dilettanti* in Leipzig. It can naturally not be our intention, to-day, when all the more important journals have sketched, with more or less detail, the life of the great man deceased, to limp lamely after with such biographical minutiae. We hope rather to make ample satisfaction to our readers in other ways,

when the posthumous notes of Moscheles, mentioned at the close of our article, shall be ready for publication. The object of our present remarks is simply to give a slight but detailed sketch of his character, and so to do justice, at least in a preliminary way, to this most excellent man; for Moscheles was not merely admired, he was beloved; and now, a quarter of a century after the days mentioned at the beginning of our sketch, we cannot but recognize that the same kindly, benevolent disposition has distinguished him his life through, and that scarcely any one could be found more anxiously intent on satisfying the justifiable wishes and claims of others. This ready consideration for others' peculiarities, was, throughout all the energy he manifested in other regards, a fundamental trait of his character.

On musical ground, too, this peculiarity came out strongly. Though educated in Vienna, amid all the influences of the classic epoch in the Danubian capital, he stoutly maintained the axiom that no artistic performance, either creative or executive, can afford to dispense with articulate and graceful form. In musical compositions, especially, he held correctness and beauty of artistic form, with clear expression of the composer's intention, to be the three main requisites of every good work. Besides this, his great teacher, Salieri, had always led him to avoid excess and exaggeration, and he was fond of relating an illustration of Salieri's manner of enforcing his counsels.

When, as a youth, he had submitted to his master a composition, in which he had been charged with the task of representing a young girl's sorrow at the death of her bird, and in which the budding composer had excitedly tried to give the impression of grief over the favorite's loss by a vigorous use of minor chords, Salieri struck out precisely the passage which the young musician thought the finest, saying, with a smile, "and what would you do if the whole city had burned down?"

That a composer who loved measure and beautiful form like Moscheles could never sympathize with the new direction in music, which we are accustomed to hear called its *future*, is evident; still, he thought it his duty to give close examination to every such new development, and attend the representations constantly, to avoid injustice to his contemporaries. And, with loving care, he managed to discover and to bring to notice everything really beautiful. The less we are used to see impartiality in art, the more rarely we find unprejudiced recognition accorded by one creative artist to another of differing or opposite tendency, so much the more should we admire this amiable *objectivity* which Moscheles always put in practise. It may be a half year ago that the writer of these lines, in conversation with him, declared the so-called "written music" of Beethoven's last quartette, spite of our recognition of its peculiar merit, a mistake, as composition is not meant for the eye but the ear.

"Granting that the composition of such quartettes is an error," was the master's answer, "Beethoven, at all events, was clear and sure enough in his course before that, but the imitators in this line of music had not been Beethoven first."

In this gentle fashion he condemned a tendency in art which would shake the foundations of all composition, if it should once get full swing.

The loss of this world-renowned instructor is the heavier loss to the Leipzig conservatory, that it is impossible to tell how and where to make it good; yet the institution is in pressing need. Moscheles had been fitted for his office by his efficiency as a *virtuoso*, and by thirty years of instruction in London. To his pupils he was a paternal friend, to many a helper in every difficulty, and to all a pattern, by his unsurpassed conscientiousness and his ready recognition of others' individuality.

This essentially staunch and genuine character, through all the gentleness of his external manifestation, made his way for him in England. The nobility of the heart gained the day. In him it was impossible not to recognize the born gentleman, and to him was granted, without opposition, what had been conceded to no other musician—he was, in good society, treated as a member, not a servant. Yet Moscheles was a son of the people. Little favored by fortune, but armed with a persistent will, with enduring power, and with a capacity for serious work, he conquered his place in life for himself.

While the development of men of intellectual prominence is often greatly promoted by maternal affection, Moscheles was not led by this motive to the study of music, but here again was quite independent.

From his mother he derived delicacy of perception, gentleness in judgment, pleasure in harmless jest—all qualities for which he was distinguished to his latest day, and which made his intimacy so delightful to his friends, by bridging over the gulf which not seldom existed between his own gifted character and that of his friends. It was his father whose example led Moscheles into the realm of harmony.

His father was a clothier in Prague, and obliged, in the course of business, to travel one or more times a year to Vienna. Returning, then, from the capital, which at that time was the supreme oracle in music, he brought back, in his budget of news for his wife and children, not only musical reminiscences, but also the latest musical publications. In the innocent fashion peculiar to the first decades of this century, these pieces, executed with piano, guitar, and voices, contributed to the pleasure and entertainment of the family or of their musically disposed friends. It was a pet notion of the father that one of his children should be distinguished in music. His choice fell on the eldest daughter, but she lacked alike talent and inclination. On one occasion, when she had stood the paternal examination ill, and failed to play the piece set her as a task, the storm of paternal wrath was on the point of breaking on her unlucky head, when the young brother compassionately averted his anger by crying out, "I can do it!"

The little six-year-old lad had heard his sister practise the piece so often that he knew it by heart, and at last practised it on the piano, by ear, for his own pleasure. From this time on, the instruction was, by common consent, transferred from his sister to himself. The words which opened to him the propylea of the art temple—the proud yet modest words, "I can do it"—he had frequent occasion to utter afterwards. He spoke them joyfully when, at thirteen years of age, he brought his father his first printed composition, a four-part song, as a present, on occasion of his birth-day festival. He spoke them sadly and earnestly, when, a few months after this confirmation of his father's hopes, the faithful eyes of his childhood's guide were closed in death, and the mother charged the lad to journey alone to far-off Vienna, to complete his musical education.

He spoke them courageously, when he, though still a child in years, was yet too proud to draw regular support from his mother, and trusted to his own strength and labor for subsistence. That business-like care and order in his affairs which his father taught him never deserted him through a long life. From the year 1818, till the time of his death, his ledger was kept without interruption; and its pages show that, soon after his arrival in Vienna, his composition lessons with Albrechtsberger began; while, almost at the same time, Moscheles himself began to give piano-forte lessons, and so to justify his words to his mother. By the following year his lessons were so sought after, that they not only brought him in the price (considerable for those times) of five florins the lesson, but that they also—as indicated by an item in the account-book—were taken under exceptional circumstances. The son of one Dr. Perger wished piano-forte instruction; his father hated music, and so nothing was left for the young aspirant but to take his lessons on the sly. When his father had got to bed, the son would slip out, at eleven, twice a week, and hurry to his equally enthusiastic teacher, with whom he would often stay, as if chained to the instrument, till gray dawn.

In the year 1809, Moscheles, now fifteen years old, was employed as chorus leader at the Kärntnerthor theater, while at the same time he was admired as a skilful pianist, and sought after by the music dealers for his able arrangements of favorite operatic airs. He had made his own way by his own strength and persevering labor. From that time on, the motto of his life was ever as before, those masterful words, "I can do it!"

Moscheles has bequeathed his diary, which he had kept from the earliest period down to within a few days of his death, to his son, now living, as a painter of repute, in London. The publication of these notes promises some interesting contributions to the history of art.

It is not the painting, gilding, and carving, that make a good ship; but if she be a nimble sailer, tight and strong to endure the seas, that is her excellence. It is the edge and temper of the blade that make a good sword, not the richness of the scabbard; and so it is not money or possessions that make a man considerable, but his virtues.

GIRLS OF TALENT.

ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

"My human boy, come forward!"

"Stretching forth his flabby paw, Mr. Chadband lays the same on Joe's arm. Joe, not at all clear but that something practical and painful is going to be done to him, mutters: 'I never said nothink to you. You let me alone.'

"Oh, no, my young friend! I will not let you alone," says Chadband, smoothly. "We have among us, my friends (alluding to Joe), a heathen and a gentile, a brother and a boy—devoid of parents, devoid of relations, devoid of flocks and herds, devoid of gold and silver, and of precious stones; and why is he devoid of these?"

"Thereupon Mr. Chadband, in a 'spirit of love,' explains, 'with a very obtrusive demonstration in his greasily meek smile,' that the boy lacks the 'light of terewth.' It does not seem to be Chadband's aim to enlighten or assist him; so Joe gratefully shares 'Guster's' supper of bread and cheese, and then 'moves on.'"

In a recent number of *The Galaxy*, was an able article upon "Successful People;" one portion of the essay was most suggestive of the quotation cited above. The human boy was not brought forward—shown to be "unsphered," at odds with all the goods of fortune. It was the human girl, the girl of talent in country towns.

"Sit you down," Mary, Martha, or Tabitha; "Sit upon that stool," as Chadband says to Joe, and hear what ails you. In your quiet home you have "no adequate nourishment for your brain;" you "breathe an atmosphere which has no breath of life for you;" you have "no society," no contact with superior persons, little access to superior "books." "You are like a mouse placed in the exhausted receiver of the air-pump." "Purgatory is a present fact in the best and purest households." "In the cramped homes of our country towns, daughters walk sadly in their fathers' gardens, restless, wan as the shades of the Inferno." "You are unsatisfied;" "you aspire toward achievement;" "you hunger after activity, long for sympathy, need work." You lack "all aids to healthy life and growth—you will sink into the common-place." When you have so sunken, though you will not know it for kind nature will let the change be gradual, it will be forgotten that you ever set forth with "splendid purpose in your eyes;" and like Dickens' Joe, the end of the chapter will find you contentedly eating your supper. Our writer does not tell you *how* to be successful. He says the world is "not comfortable;" but you must face the facts of it." Mr. Chadband did not remark where the "light of terewth" might be found, and he was unpleasantly explicit in mentioning the things of which Joe was "devoid." So far the parallel is perfect; but, after all, can it be proved that "girls of talent" are "in this bitter pickle?" as Dante has it. How many

country towns are there, so wholly devoid of superior people and superior books, that they cannot furnish "adequate nourishment" for the brain of one young girl, granted that in the "purest and best" of homes she cannot find "the breath of life" she needs? Again; tell us, tell us, by all that is ludicrous, the name of any township wherein "daughters, wan as shades of the Inferno," walk around among the greens in their fathers' back-yards, "aspiring, long ing, hungering, sinking into the common-place." If there be in existence one such maiden "all forlorn," let us hope that comfort cometh in the

Don't be discouraged, country girls. Take to your fathers' gardens as a last resort. If you have talent, don't be lazy, nor sentimental, nor faint-hearted. Do what you are capable of doing; above all, *be*. The world grows noisy; its men and women are doing what their hands find to do; and work multiplies. In this ceaseless doing there is danger of forgetting that most work is for time—all character, for eternity.

STREETS AT NIGHT.

PERLEY, through the white curtains of her falling

eyelids, looked out at it; she was fond of watching the streets when no one was watching her, especially on stormy nights, for no reason in particular that she knew of, except that she felt so dry and comfortable. So clean, too! There were a great many muddy people out that night; the sleet did not wash them as fast as the mud spattered them; and the wind at the corners sprang on them sharply. From her carriage window she was enabled to look on and see it lying in wait for them, and see it crouch and bound and set teeth on them. She really followed with some interest, having nothing better to do, the manful struggles of a girl in a plaid dress, who battled with the gusts about a carriage-length ahead of her, for, perhaps, half a dozen blocks. The girl struck out with her hands as a boxer would; sometimes she pommelled with her elbows and knees like a desperate prize-fighter; she was rather small, but she kept her balance; when her straw hat blew off, she chased headlong after it, and Perley languidly smiled. She was apt to be amused by the world outside of her carriage. It conceived such original ways of holding its hands, and wearing its hats, and carrying its bundles. It had such a taste in colors, such disregard of clean linen, and was always in such a hurry. This last especially interested her; Miss Kelso had never been in a hurry in her life.

The sidewalk was very wet; in spots the struggling snow drifted grayish white, and went out into black mud under a sudden foot; the eaves

and awnings dripped steadily, and there was a little puddle on the carriage-step; the colored lights of a druggist's window shimmered and broke against the pavement and the carriage and the sleet, leaving upon the fancy the surprise of a rainbow in a snow-storm; people's faces dipped through it curiously; here, a fellow with a waxed moustache struck into murderous red, and dripped so horribly that a policeman, eyed him for half a block; there, a hale old man fell suddenly into the last stages of jaundice; beyond, a girl, behind a couple of very wet, but very happy lovers, turned deadly green; a little this way another stepped into a bar of lily white and stood and shone in it for an instant, "without spot or stain, or any such thing," but stepped out of it, shaking herself a little, as if the lighted torch had scorched her.—From Miss Phelps' "Silent Partner."



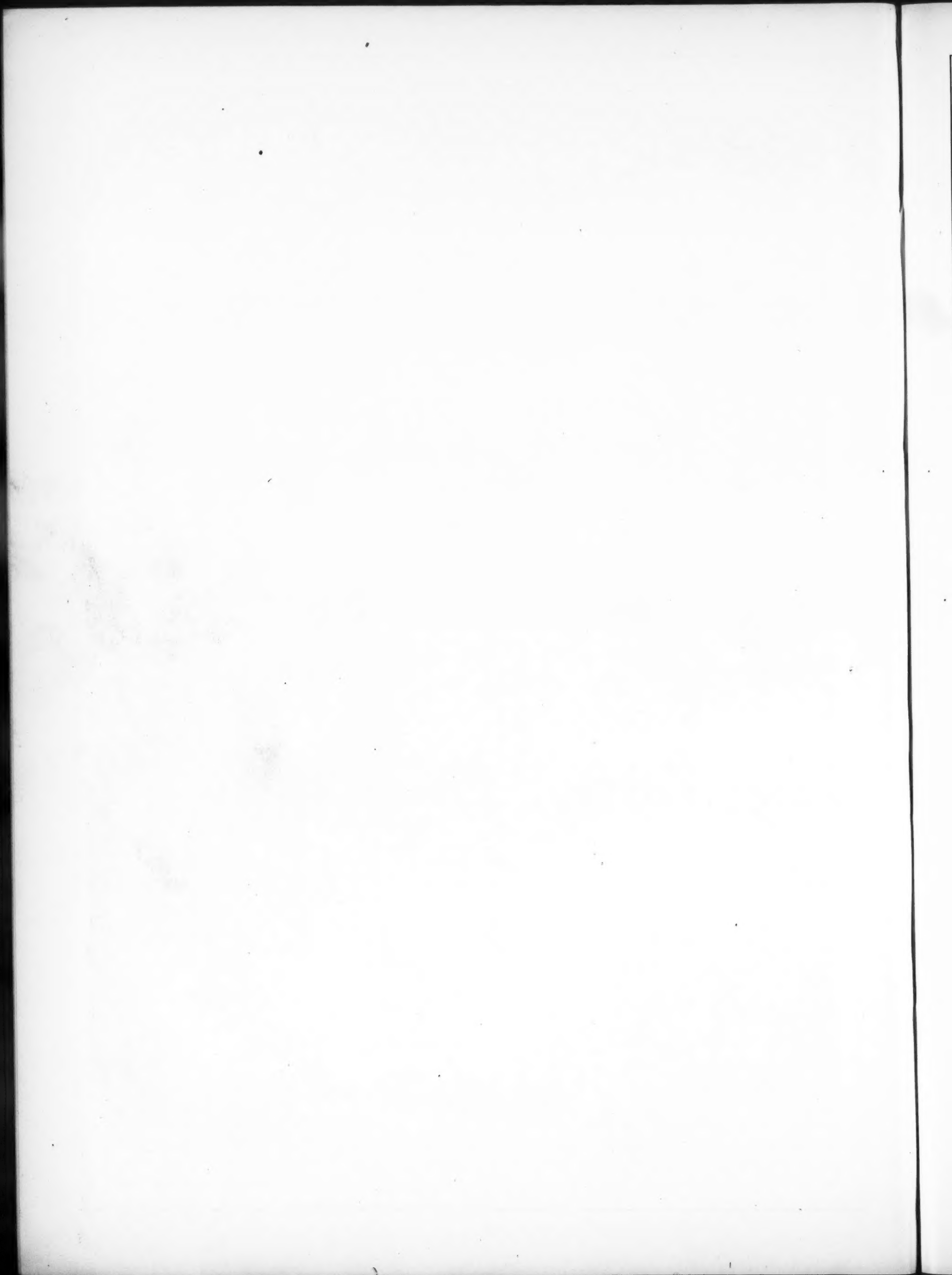
MARY AND JOHN RETURNING FROM THE TOMB.—AFTER THE ORIGINAL BY PLOCKHORST.

shape of the "man all tattered and torn," and the "priest all shaven and shorn." No girl proves her title to talent, by mere "aspirations toward achievement." A quaint writer says "every dog that howls at the moon would be a poet, could he find a publisher;" but the puppy's poems might not be readable.

Jesting aside, however, and sentiment with it, experience will prove that any person of positive talent, determined to succeed, and who is not sick or poor, can be what he or she will be, allowing success to mean anything within reason. If Martha, who might make a first-class school teacher, undertakes to shoulder Jean Ingelow out of the realm of poetry, she will never get near enough to Jean to do it; but failing in this, need not make Martha a failure in life. Neither, in the regular sequence of events, must she "sink into the common-place."



"Mark yon old mansion, frowning thro' the trees,
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze." (See page 81.)



THE OLD HOUSE.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

MARK yon old mansion, frowning thro' the trees,
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven convey'd.
The mold'ring gateway shows the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleas'd, for life itself was new,
And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew.
See, through the fractur'd pediment reveal'd,
Where moss inlays the rudely sculptur'd shield,
The martin's old, hereditary nest—
Long may the ruin spare it's hallow'd guest!
As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall!
That hall, where once in antiquated state,
The chair of justice held the grave debate.
Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
When round yon ample board, in due degree,
We sweeten'd every meal with social glee.
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest,
And all was sunshine in each little breast.
'Twas here we chas'd the slipper by the sound;
And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.
'Twas here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring;
And Fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing.
Giants and genii claim'd each wondering ear;
And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.
Oft with the babes we wander'd in the wood,
Or view'd the forest-feats of Robin Hood;
Oft, fancy led, at midnight's fearful hour,
With startling step, we scal'd the lonely tower;
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murder'd by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.
As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievements charms the wilder'd sight;
And still, with heraldry's rich hues imprest,
On the dim window glows the pictur'd crest.
The screen unfolds its many-colored chart,
The clock still points its moral to the heart.
That faithful monitor 'twas heaven to hear,
When soft it spoke a promis'd pleasure near;
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feathered feet of Time?
The massive beam, with curious carving wrought,
Whence the caged linnets sooth'd my pensive thought;
Those muskets, cas'd with venerable rust;
Those once-lov'd forms, still breathing thro' their dust;
Still from the frame, in mold gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the Past!

A FOURTH HAND.

From the French.

In 1840 or '42, we had for our tutor a man of about fifty, named Raymond Ducourt. He was, both morally and physically, the strangest man imaginable. He was of an almost unending height. The tallest students in the Academy were obliged to raise themselves on tiptoe to view horizontally the acute angle of his chin. He bore a closer resemblance to a tree than to a human being. He was an oak, in the full acceptance of the word: a thunderbolt might tear him up by the roots, but the most furious gale could never make him bend.

I have said his name was Raymond Ducourt. He had (a singularity of which nature shows herself quite prodigal) a brother-in-law of dwarfish proportions, whose name was Lelong. To repair the malign injustice of Nature, we had rendered to the giant the name which the dwarf had monopolized, and given to the latter the more appropriate one of Ducourt (Short) belonging to Raymond.

So we called our tutor Raymond Lelong (the long), free to receive, in recompense, a thousand chastisements for our equity.

Although scarcely fifty, he seemed to have passed seventy. His head was as bald as the palm of your hand; his eyebrows, of a remarkable thickness, resembled a couple of bushes, covered with snow; his cheeks, around his eyes, were deeply wrinkled, like mountain ravines, furrowed by the torrent. Fierce streams of tears must have flowed from those eyes down those cheeks. His face was of a dull pallor, without a softening tint. One would have sworn he wore a gold-beater's mask, so immovable and pallid did his features appear!

But the eyes enlivened and animated that otherwise cadaverous face: they were superb eyes, of a sky-blue, and of a sweetness almost angelic when in good humor; gloomy, wild and flashing, restless as the sea, when in his fits of spleen.

He seemed to take as much pleasure in punishment as another would in recompense. He was constantly on the watch for the most trifling peccadilloes, and corrected us for them as for the greatest sins. He

was a sort of revolted archangel, revenging himself against God's goodness by looking only for wickedness in the world. Harsh, even to injustice, he had succeeded in planting such a fear in us that our heads would droop at the bare elevation of his voice.

I did not learn his history until long after I had left college; and I relate it to-day, if not without the sadness, at least without the bitterness I should have instilled herein if written while beneath his iron rule.

Some are born bilious, some stupid; others are born gay or sad; none are born misanthropes. Whence comes, then, that fierce hatred which Mr. Raymond Lelong exhibited to mankind in general, but to young men in particular? Had a storm of bitterness swept over the heart of that man, and violently torn away that last sweet flower of our nature—the love of youth? Had he never known the proud joy of a father, nor the tenderness of a mother, nor the caresses of a child? Ah! if he had known all these! But no: the rock is not harder, marble no colder, dead leaves not more dry, nor iron more insensible, than was the heart of that man.

One evening, last Summer, as we were seated, two of my friends and myself, before the Café of the Luxembourg, eating ices, we saw enter the garden, coming from the *rue de Vaugirard*, our old tutor; or rather his phantom, but so stooped, so emaciated, so changed, that we hardly recognized him. He looked a hundred years!

We involuntarily trembled, as in years ago.

When he had passed: "Apropos, my distinguished young friend," said one of my comrades to me; "you have frequently desired to learn the story of that man's misanthropy?"

"No less now than ever before," I replied.

"Then listen." And he related the following:

"The Count Raymond Ducourt de la Fresnaye had a son whom I knew at the College Henry IV. He was a tall young man of a fine blond complexion; a brave fellow enough, but of a boastful, skeptical turn, and, above all, lazy to the last degree. When he left college, his father consented to let him follow the bent of his own inclinations.

"He had a suite of apartments in the *rue de Tournon*—one of the most charming abodes you could imagine. I met him one evening, coming out of the Odeon, and he pressed me so hard to call and see him, that I actually resolved to pay him a visit. I called on him eight or ten days after our encounter. I found him stretched on a divan, flanked by his three college cronies, and fanned by a young woman, who seemed never to have had any other occupation.

"How they smoked! Why, my dear fellows, we never smoked, and I fervently hope we never may smoke as they did in that room. The atmosphere was infested with tobacco, surcharged with the fetid miasma from the foul pipes of those inveterates. It was with great difficulty I was enabled to distinguish them through that mist of nicotine, and I did not, in the least, dissimulate the disgust I felt on entering.

"Shall I fan monsieur?" said the young woman, approaching me and agitating her fan in my face.

"On seeing her approach me—beautiful as a dream, though of that beauty which hides moral ugliness—and observing the familiar coquetry with which she waved her fan before me, I felt a blush of shame on my cheek, and was about to reply, when young Raymond cut me short by presenting the young woman, whom he took by the hand.

"Permit me to present my wife!" said he.

"The shame which had risen in my cheek mounted to my brow. I blushed for him.

"My compliments, madame," said I, bowing coldly. Then, turning to Raymond, I added: 'I did not know you were married. Have you fulfilled all the formalities?'

"Oh! yes," he replied, 'we have made the final summons.'

"What summons?" I asked, not understanding him.

"Why, our respectful summons to our dear father."

"Your father has refused his consent, then?"

"Quite naturally enough. Fathers seem absolutely to be created for no other purpose than to refuse the respectful demands of their children."

"Then you have surmounted his objections?"

"Most respectfully," added he, with a cynicism that terrified me.

"But you are not a major," I urged.

"Beg pardon: some six months."

"Humph! You have lost no time!"

"He has lost just six months!" said the young beauty. (Had the bad angel of temptation chosen a

human face with which to charm, he would have assumed the face of that girl).

"He has lost six months!" repeated his three friends in chorus, at the same moment emitting such thick puffs of smoke, that I almost believed myself in some grimy center of Manchester or Glasgow. The sight of those four lazy rascals—the cynicism with which a son spoke of his father—the physical beauty and moral ugliness of that young woman—the impurity of the atmosphere—everything before my eyes, inspired me with such an invincible disgust, that I took my leave as quick as possible.

"One morning, when reading the paper, I saw in the miscellaneous items a paragraph, couched in these terms: 'The last heir of one of the most illustrious families of Brittany, young Raymond, only son of the Count de la Fresnaye, has put an end to his days. The cause of the suicide is not known.'

"Was it pride or shame? He has killed himself from disgust and shame at his life, I argued with myself, and from that cause alone, or he has not killed himself at all.

"One day, recently, while coming out of the *Clinique*, one of my friends, a distant relative of the Fresnaye family, drew my attention to our old tutor, who was passing, and related his history to me. That history cleared up all my doubts as to the death of young Raymond, and explained the misanthropy of our tutor. Here it is in brief:

"My son," the father had said, 'by your blazon, by your name, by your mother, I implore you not to marry that woman!'

"My father," Raymond had answered, 'by our blazon, by my name, by my father, by my mother, by all my noble ancestors, I will marry the woman I love, justifying in this, as in all other circumstances, our proud device: *Fiat voluntas mea*.'

"Well," replied the father, 'we shall see which of us will be the more faithful to that motto.'

"Young Raymond married, and the old count reduced the couple to the verge of famine. But such a proud device is not respected with impunity. The bailiff did not long delay in knocking at the door of the last scion of the house of La Fresnaye.

"Grief came, and made its home by the fireside of the poor count. One evening he received a letter with a black seal. He recognized the handwriting of his son.

"What is this?" said he to his old valet. 'A letter from my boy, with a black seal! Has he the honor to inform me of the death of the Princess of Lima?' [Thus he styled his son's wife.] Pardieu! John, I will assist with pleasure at her funeral!'

"He was in high glee that evening, the old count. The idea never came to him that his son was dead, since he held his handwriting. It was therefore with a gaiety which had of late been foreign to him that he turned to his old servant, and exclaimed, as he extended his glass: 'Fill, John, fill! I will drink to the repose of the soul of that creature!'

"He drank rapidly, and joyously opened the letter. These were the first words that met his eye:

"When you read this letter, my dear father, I shall have ceased to live."

"He read this sentence a second time, read it a third, passed his hand over his eyes, as if they were but half opened, or he had not seen aright. He replaced the letter on the table, held his glass to be filled anew, and cried with a terribly different intonation: 'Fill, John, fill!' The valet refilled the glass; the count mechanically put it on the table, without touching it to his lips. He retook the letter in both hands, but trembled so that he was obliged to lean his elbows on the table. Here is the letter:

"When you read this letter, my dear father, I shall have ceased to live. I pardon you my death, you who are the only cause; and you will pardon it in me, also, when you learn that I preferred it to dishonor. I leave thirty thousand francs of debts (scarcely the thirtieth part of your large fortune), which my friend Hubert, No. 17, *rue de l'Ecole-de-Médecine*, will pay in your name, if you will remit him the funds. He is the only one of all my friends who opposed my marriage. You can therefore have confidence in him. Adieu my noble father. I quit life without regret; for, if I have found on this earth the fatal severity of a father, I shall doubtless find again in heaven the indulgent kindness of my mother.

"Your respectful son,

"RAYMOND, VISCOUNT DE LA FRESNAYE."

"The old count let fall the letter, and dropped his head on his hands, while torrents of tears flowed from his eyes. The last words of the letter had literally pierced him. His son fled to heaven, his arms extended toward his mother, who awaited him there!—had he not left behind him a flash of light, a sword of

fire, to burn and rankle in his father's heart? The old valet, who could not comprehend such depth of sadness after such a height of joy, asked:

"My good master, what is the matter?"

"The count replied, sobbing: 'See, here is the last letter of my son!'"

"The old servant bowed his head and mentally breathed a prayer.

"At that time, the old noble was a man of firm character, strong as tempered steel. A few minutes after reading that terrible letter, he arose and accompanied by his valet, went to his son's late domicile in the *rue Tournon*. There they had no other news of Raymond's death than the letter to his father, which they had found in the closet where he was in the habit of placing his lamp and key.

"The count then went to No. 17 *rue de l'Ecole-de-Medicine*, to the Mr. Hubert, who was to liquidate the debts of his son. Although it was four o'clock in the morning, he found him in the middle of his chamber, without fire, shedding tears over the fate of his unfortunate friend. The heart of the poor count was deeply touched at the sight. He remained a long time conversing with him about his son. Hubert answered his thousand questions with so much emotion that the poor father was moved to tears. As to his last moments, he knew nothing. He had received through the hands of a messenger a letter which he presented to the count, and which contained these lines:

"My friend, pardon me for dying. I was ashamed to live!"

"This laconic letter was followed by a statement of debts minutely detailed, amounting, as Raymond had said, to thirty thousand francs. The count took from his pocket-book thirty notes, of a thousand francs each, and handed them to the young man. The latter offered a receipt, which the count refused; Hubert was unwilling to accept so large a sum without acknowledgment (he was a merchant's son), but the parent insisted. The young man inclined himself, out of respect for the father of his friend, and accepted.

"Seven o'clock in the morning struck when the count quitted his son's friend.

"At the end of three months, he had grown older by ten years: his fine black hair had become gray. At the end of six months, he had grown older by fifteen years: his hair was white. At the end of a year, he had grown older by thirty years: he was bald!

"On the anniversary of his son's death, he received from the post-office department the following letter:

"Count: The misfortune which has befallen you has found too deep an echo to be unknown to him who dares sign himself your respectful and devoted servant. In accordance with the law which orders the opening of unclaimed letters remaining in the post-office at the end of a year and a day, I have opened one addressed to one Lady Josefa de la Fresnaye. Seeing at the end of the epistle—dated the day of his decease—the signature of your son, I thought that, whatever its contents, the reading of it might soften the severity of your grief. I send it to you, therefore, and pray you to count me as one of your most devoted servants. *****"

"We can comprehend the old man's emotion on seeing the letter. He opened it tremblingly, and read as follows:

"A famous idea has come into my head during your voyage to Havre, Josefa of my soul. I shall kill myself to-night! This will make you laugh, my Josefa. It makes me laugh still more; but they laugh best who laugh the last. I know one who, firm and solid as he is, will not laugh at this. Well, either one is a father or one is not. I want money. Here are the ingenious means I shall employ to test the paternity of the count. I shall write him that I am going to kill myself. If he is a father he will weep. Good! I shall say that I owe thirty thousand francs. If he is softened, he will pay them. Very good! I shall give him confidence in Hubert, our witness, by saying that he was opposed to our marriage; he will naturally remit the funds to him, who will hand them over to me. Better and better, eh? On thirty thousand francs we can live, with economy, for two years. And further, if the count is not so disobliging a father, he cannot go very far. He must die soon. Return then, love of my life, and find me at the Café du Cirque, anxiously awaiting you. Hubert has dyed my hair and eyebrows, shortened my whiskers, and shaved my moustache. Yours till death."

"VISCONT DE LA FRESNAYE."

"We said that the tempest cannot bend the oak, but the thunderbolt can tear it by the roots. So was the count torn and lacerated by that letter. He fell, cold and insensible, to the floor. The servants raised him, but seeing the face purpled and the eyes injected with blood, they believed him struck with apoplexy.

They carried him to his chamber. A surgeon, called in the nick of time, saved his life; but he lay ten weeks on his bed. At the end of that time, one evening about nine o'clock, he demanded his hat, cane, and gloves; and, despite the entreaties of his faithful valet, sallied from his hotel, firm, straight, and with head erect. He seemed to have regained all the vigor of his earlier years.

"The night was fearfully dark; the rain fell in torrents, and the north wind howled and whistled. But he heard not the wind, nor felt the rain. He looked the walking statue of Insensibility.

"It was nearly ten o'clock when he arrived in front of the Café du Cirque. Through the fog which enveloped the square, he perceived at the end of the saloon, in a cloud of smoke, in the center of a group, a young man whom, despite his dyed hair, he recognized with the eyes of his heart as his son.

"He entered, and proceeded straight to the table where his son was seated. Raymond cried aloud, in

"Raymond nodded: 'Yes.'

"Well, draw for who shall make play."

"They commenced the game; but when it was Raymond's turn to play, his eyes encountered those of his father fixed glaringly upon him. He advanced his hand to place his piece, but as he left it too long on the table, one of his friends said:

"Take off your hand."

"Raymond moved not.

"Take off your hand!" was repeated.

"Not a word, not a motion from Raymond.

"Pshaw! what sort of pleasantry is this?" said one of the young men, taking the hand of Raymond to lift it from the table. But he shrank back with a shudder, for he felt a hand as cold as the marble on which it lay.

"This young man is indulging in no pleasantry," gravely said the count, as he laid his hand over the heart of his son. "He is dead!"

"Everybody crowded around Raymond, except the count, his father, who sat perfectly calm, unmoved by the terrible catastrophe, and the two friends, who seemed nailed to their chairs.

"A surgeon, who was in the café at the time, declared it a stroke of apoplexy. They carried away the body. A few minutes after, the count said to the two friends of his son:

"Shall we continue the play, gentlemen?"

"There are only three of us," they objected.

"True!" answered the count. Then frantically shuffling the dominoes, he cried aloud, as his son had done not long before:

"We want a fourth! Will no one take a hand? Who will play a fourth hand here?"

"One hour after he was mad.

"One year after, he was ruined at the roulette table.

"Two years after he became our tutor!"

THE WOOD-NYMPH.

THERE is a popular prejudice to the effect that the talent and invention of our English cousins find their application far more in manufactures and the applied sciences than in art. In many regards, especially as to music, there seems great ground for the opinion; but, in the various branches of the plastic art, the later efforts in England have produced very laudable results. Without undertaking to defend the many tasteless monuments which have had their origin in that country during the last few years, it might be possible to cite, even in sculpture, various instances of really masterly achievement. Such an one, for example, is Birch's "Wood-Nymph."

This work, some years back, brought the artist a very handsome sum. A competition, set on foot by the London Art Union, offered for the best group or statue a prize of £600. Fifteen sculptors contended for the palm, and their works were exhibited, in 1864, at the South Kensington Museum. Birch's "Wood Nymph" met with the most general approbation, both from connoisseurs and the general public, and this favorable opinion was endorsed by the unanimous award of the jury.

The group is as pleasing in conception as assured and easy in treatment and execution. Movement and attitude show a high natural grace, and in the composition and arrangement reigns a harmony so perfect that the spectator is impressed with the feeling that they are dictated by an inner necessity. How completely the group tells its own story! On the lap of the graceful, girlish figure rests the faun, and feeds from the soft hand of its protectress. On the other side, the mother-doe presses caressingly to her side and gazes with longing eyes into the lovely face of the nymph, who, with tender glances, thoughtful, smiling and happy, looks down at the graceful creatures.

The artist of this charming forest idyl has distinguished himself by many portrait busts—such as those of Lords Westmoreland and Russell, the Prince of Prussia, and by various ideal groups and figures.

HOME can never be transferred, never be repeated in the experience of an individual. The place consecrated by paternal love, the dear memories, innocence and harmless sports of childhood, is the only home of the human heart.



THE WOOD-NYMPH.—BIRCH.

shuffling the dominoes: "We want a fourth. Will no one take a hand? Who will play a fourth hand here?"

"I will," said the count, as he seated himself in front of his son.

"You, old fellow?" said the latter, who recognized neither the voice nor visage of his father, so much had that voice and that visage changed.

"Yes, I!" replied the parent, fixing his blazing eyes on Raymond. "Will you not accept me for a partner?"

"You! you!" cried the young man, all at once recognizing him, and shrinking back with eyes staring and mouth agape, his face white and covered with sweat.

"Yes, undoubtedly, I!" repeated the count. "Was it not I who taught you this game, viscount?"

"The young man, pale and haggard as a corpse, essayed to speak; but he could not articulate a syllable.

"What is the matter with you, viscount?" demanded the father, not in the least moved.

"Raymond muttered: 'Nothing!'"

"Play then!" cried one of his friends, mixing the dominoes. "Why, do you know the old gentleman?"

MISS MARIE KREBS.

NOTHING, as a rule, so disappoints expectation as the maturer development of so-called "infant phenomena."

Miss Marie Krebs, whose portrait we give on this page, is a brilliant exception to the rule. With her, musical ability is hereditary on both sides of the house; for her mother, Madame Krebs-Michalesi, was known and admired as one of the best *contraltos* of the German operatic stage, and her father equally celebrated as a composer of great taste and feeling, and long the orchestral leader of the Dresden Court Theater and Opera House. Naturally the little girl drew in music along with milk, oxygen and other natural and infantile nutriment. Almost before she could talk, she could play the pianoforte; and under the careful instruction of her delighted parents made such progress, that at the age of eleven she gave a public concert in Dresden, before an exacting and critical public, performing, *from memory*, selections from Bach, Weber, Liszt, and Schumann to the general astonishment and admiration of her hearers.

Since then her musical career has been an unbroken series of successes. From Germany she passed, in 1864, to England, where she played nearly two hundred times at Frederic Gye's Covent Garden concerts; and, in 1867 made a concert tour with Carlotta Patti and other eminent artists in France and Italy. On the expiration of this engagement, she appeared in Paris during the great International Exhibition. In the course of these her artistic wanderings she not only stored up golden opinions—with accompanying coupons—but acquired an uncommonly accurate and fluent use of English, French and Italian, plus a large and liberal knowledge of the world; so that Miss Krebs is not merely eloquent with her fingers, but a charming and graceful conversationist as well, and entirely at her ease in any country and in any *salon* of cultivated Europe or America.

As an artist, Miss Krebs has some marked and exceptional characteristics—industry, memory, and conscientiousness; but thoroughness first of all. Her *technique* is superb, and her mastery of mechanical difficulty amazing in so young a performer. The honest, clear, direct and genuine character of her playing, and her hearty devotion to the best school of classical composition, have been the delight of our musical purists. It has been occasionally charged that her playing showed some lack of that passion and sentiment which may naturally lie beyond the experience of a girl of twenty. If this be so, it may safely be predicted that life—the relentless—will wake the slumbering chords and stir the well-spring of deeper emotion and richer experience without which the æsthetic efficiency is always more or less incomplete. But, in sorrow or in joy, every music-lover will wish this talented young artist God-speed, and rejoice to hear that there is every chance of her remaining as a permanent element in the musical life and activity of our country.

FROM IRELAND TO ITALY.

T. M. COAN.

FAIL not, O American nobleman bound for Europe, to look at Ireland on the way. My companion in travel and I did so, alighting at Queenstown; my old chum, whom I shall call Ananias, because he never tells a lie. The Panjandrum and other vain persons, landed with us. I suppose they expected to do the British empire thoroughly. But we wished to look at green Erin first of all, before exploring the Scotch Highlands, the mazes of London streets, or the great galleries and cathedrals of the continent. Such lovely pictures as those of romantic Killarney are a fit introduction to the beauty—more varied and splendid, yet not more dear in memory—that awaits you in countries of a more elaborate civilization.

These landscapes seemed, indeed, doubly beautiful to us, newly arrived from the sea, with Atlantic brine still smarting in our eyes, and the tipsy roll of the steamer still perplexing our feet. Netted over with intricate lines of hedge and fence, bare of trees, and crowned at their summits with somber furze, the brown hills seemed less smiling than we had expected to find them in mid-April; yet they attract with the mastering charm of strangeness. One's heart bounds

on first catching sight of their outlines in the horizon; for it is a moment long expected, long deferred. "Now, at last, I see Europe!" you exclaim, and feel that the new inheritance of that instant is a treasure for all the future.

But Ireland, as you draw near the coast, looks strangely unfamiliar to you who have so lately left New York, and bear freshly in mind the features of that Celtic metropolis. No wooded heights, no thickets or ragged ground appear. The country is clean-shaven as a priest's chin. All is tillage, pasture, or garden. The mountains, shorn of their ancient locks, seem like huge tamed animals sleeping in the Spring sunshine.

Queenstown, a city set upon a hill-side, somewhat as Albany adorns the Hudson River bank, you enter first; but you speedily leave it for Cork, and Cork, with its red-cheeked lasses and its swarming life, you soon exchange for Blarney and the famous castle of the kissing-stone. But be content with enjoying the groves of that still retreat. Do not compromise yourself, like the rest of the world, by kissing the "Blarney-stone." When next you gracefully flatter the *Dulcinea del Toboso*, would you not wish to assure that fair maiden that you had never saluted the rock of insincerity?



MISS MARIE KREBS.

On an April afternoon we came to Killarney. Nature was in a lovely mood. A quiet light lay upon the landscape; the grasses covered the fields with soft tints, like stains of pigment upon the painter's palette, blending their sunny greens with yellow and amber hues that were never harsh, however bright. The profuse and glowing bloom of the furze appeared upon every bank; it seemed an absolutely smiling color—the intimation of an inanimate joy. Countless daisies covered the levels of lawn and pasture, and herds of sleek cattle moved luxuriously along that starry carpet, their tawny, glossy hides seeming to glow with the colors of the sunlight they had absorbed. The bare hills of Killarney rose in the distance, covered with a chequer-work of fences up to the heather-cap upon their summits. How infinitely old they seemed—how worn by forces that have hardly rounded, as yet, a single spur of Mount Washington, or smoothed down an angle of the Alleghanies! The outlines of these ancient hills represent the warfare of ten thousand centuries—the struggle of the forces of upheaval and of granitic strength with lightning, wind, and hail—with the vast elemental forces of the upper air. But this had been a day of truce in the mountains; they were left to the milder dynamics of Spring air and warmth; and the sunlight waved over heather and green grass, that were dashed rarely with flights of shadow from the passing cloud.

When we arrived in the village, Ananias and I re-

ceived an overflowing homage. We were escorted from the station, as in triumphant state, by a cortège of devoted vassals, all clamorous to lighten the burdens of our nobility by bearing—for a consideration—our satchels. They were avid, greedy, tumultuous; we went like King Brian Boroihme among his kerns. The Spring current of travel had not yet set in fully; and these villagers, who subsist in great part upon their Summer guests, are, at this season, as ravenous as ravens themselves, or as bears just out of Winter quarters. The hibernation of Hibernians induces wonderful voracity in the Spring. Each newly-arrived traveler alights among them as a morsel drops among famished dogs. Ananias was for defending ourselves; but I counseled resignation.

Getting free, by some good providence, from these keen-set vassals, we found an inn, and barricaded ourselves. We sat down to dinner, serene as old Daniel; but we heard the beasts of prey whining without, and so tarried long behind the oak. Finding that we did not emerge, our pursuers began to lose heart. One by one they sadly left us—guides, beggars, runners, and sellers of curiosities, and from the barred gate of our

"Eden, took their solitary way."

When at last we undid our barriers, these attendant sprites had vanished, like "a cloud of locusts, warping on the eastern wind." All but one had gone; and to him we resigned ourselves, for guidance to the Lakes of Killarney.

He was a plump, jolly little man, with a funny gleam in his eye, and a queer roll in his gait. He looked as if he had often emigrated to America, and returned under the combined influences of Jersey whiskey and of American institutions. His coat displayed as many colors as Joseph's; he had the faithfulness of Abraham, the humility of Isaac, and the mendacity of Jacob. His name, however, was Patrick Murphy. He bore a shillalah, and was an "eloquent man with his tongue."

"This is Lord Ross's estate," he began, as we took the road that leads from the suburbs of the town into a lovely country. "And it's here that he shoots a thousand grouse and no ind of partridges and woodcocks every season; and his gamekeeper lives in that bit of a lodge yon'. But it's sorry a bit of a burd a poor fellow gets hereabouts—faith, it isn't long since there was a man transported from here because he picked up a brace of quail that flew in the way of powder and shot; an' if it's from New York you are, may be you'll know Michael Sheehan, who lives there, and can tell you all about it."

But we disclaimed acquaintance with Michael Sheehan, of New York, and were fain to let Patrick's tongue do all the talking. Like Coleridge, he was great on monologue, but had no conception of dialogue. "Roll on, thou shining river!" said we; and Patrick told us more about Lord Ross, his family, his income, habits, estate, character, and religion,

than I could put on paper in a month of Sundays. Meanwhile we came in sight of the Castle of Killarney, situated upon the lower lake of three that bear this famous name. The beautiful ruin is reflected so perfectly in the sheet of water that lies before it that, in the photograph of the scene, you cannot distinguish the substance from the shadow. I bought one of these pictures for the instruction of my friends in realistic art; for it represents the tower and its image in the style of certain landscapes by Turner, which look equally well either side up.

We climbed to the top of the old castle; and, imitating it, made reflections.

"Titus," said my friend—he called me Titus because, like the emperor, I had lost a day—"see how this granite is slowly dissolving under the wear of centuries! How useless it is to pile up great walls in the hope that they will stand! Attacked by the slow corrosion of Time, they crumble away not less surely, though more slowly, than battlements built in sand. They even assume the same rounded outlines that the rising tide imparts, with its first touch, to the fortifications raised by children upon the seashore. The end of sand and of granite is the same. A cathedral melts away only a little less rapidly than a Summer cloud. Slow Nature will have his way at last, and pull down everything—even the mountains and the stars; and then slow Nature will go to work and deliberately build them up again." *Sic ait Ananias.*

I duly applauded these sonorous sentiments, and we descended, ivy-crowned like Silenus, from the tower. At its door we were confronted by a hatchet-faced boatman, who avowed his desire to row us over the lakes. We struck a bargain with him for six shillings. Our guide, evidently a confederate of the boatman, took an oar, and soon we were rippling along over the smooth water. To our right we passed Innisfallen, the "sweet Innisfallen" of Moore's song; it is a romantic islet, covered with feathery evergreens; and soon, in spite of adverse winds which sprung up a few minutes after we started, we approached the opposite side of the lake. The mountains loomed up finely on either hand. Two fishermen appeared, like herons, upon the nearest point, waiting to haul their nets; and a tourists' boat passed us, in which we saw the ubiquitous Panjandrum party, who had followed us ever since we left the steamer at Queenstown. They invariably found us out in the most particular and private nooks, bursting in at the moment when we had begun to feel ourselves delightfully remote from home, and distant from our countrymen. I saw a sardonic smile upon the faces of the juvenile Panjandrum, as they recognized us for the fifteenth time, and felt that they were now securely bound up in our memories with Killarney itself. Not until their angular forms and sallow complexions were hidden behind the Fisherman's Promontory did I again feel certain that I was in Europe.

There the charm of Ireland, and the music of the sweet Irish names began to grow upon me. I floated and thought of Innisfallen, Bandon, Malinbeg, Macroom, Killarney—names that are names to love. No Tubbsville or Skeleton Corners here. I felt the true romantic enthusiasm for Ireland, such as breathes in every line of Charlotte Elizabeth's writings; I felt a fresh and tender love for this beautiful unhappy land—this land toward which my heart went out with the first glimpse of its green fields. The lakes took on a new beauty for me, and became exquisite and memorable.

Passing from the lower to the middle lake, we found its shores, though the Spring is but in half-bloom as yet, colored with a varied beauty—with a hundred lovely tints of heather, holly, furze, and evergreens; while the very grasses displayed colors more rich and diversified than those of America. A rustic summer-house, the only sign of human habitation that we had seen since leaving the shore, showed prettily among the trees. The venerable "Bridge of Weir," old as the Norman era, soon appeared, spanning the swift current of the stream by which the upper pours its waters into the middle lake. Its arch preserves no longer its original curve, and you would fancy that the bridge had been pressed out of shape by the accumulating weight of centuries.

We walked across the isthmus, between the two connected waters, and took the boat again at the upper lake—the one least frequently visited. It is a deep, a winding water; it leads by still, dark passages to hidden places where the mountains close down around you, and the echoes are wild and thrilling. The solitude is perfect. No part of America seems so wild. The game rustling in the woods, the eagles flying between the mountain tops, make the only sounds that disturb the stillness. Unlike the inhabited hills, these are clothed to the water's edge with trees—a forest in which the woodman's axe is never heard. No smoke floats away from the tops of the wood; no tillage brightens their fertile slopes; no voices ring among their green glades.

Why does this beautiful region remain a desert in the midst of one of the most crowded populations of Europe?

Because all these mountain ranges, wild forests, lakes and hills, are a *private park*, the property of a single owner. Lord Ross holds them for his pleasure ground. He owns their very clouds and sunlight, their thunderstorms and their azure heavens. He can have his private moonlight and sunning. What material pleasure, indeed, need a man lack whose rents amount to £100,000 a year? So imposing is this feudal system of gigantic ownership that one is tempted to forget its injustice in its picturesqueness.

Lord Ross, like nearly all of the wealthier Irish noblemen, is an "absentee," spending in England and upon the continent his immense income, drawn from thousands of tenants who dwell in other parts of the country. Some of these rich "absentees," growing up abroad, actually have to write home, from time to time, to learn where their estates are situated—so completely have they forgotten their country.

Land-tenure at will, the establishment of the church, and *absenteeism*, are the leading causes of this country's misfortunes.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ACROSS AMERICA AND ASIA.—Notes of a Five Years' Journey Round the World, and of Residence in Arizona, Japan and China, by Raphael Pumpelly. Leypoldt & Holt. New York, 1871.

MONITIONS OF THE UNSEEN, AND POEMS OF LOVE AND CHILDHOOD, by Jean Ingelow. Roberts Brothers. Boston, 1871.

CONVENT LIFE UNVEILED; or, Trials and Persecutions of Miss Edith O'Gorman. Written by Herself. Hartford: Connecticut Publishing Company.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS.—The Plurality of Worlds studied under the light of recent scientific researches, by Richard A. Proctor. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1871.

ITALY—ROME, NAPLES, FLORENCE AND VENICE, from the French of H. Taine, by J. Durand. New York: Leypoldt & Holt, 1871.

THE EARTHLY PARADISE, a Poem, by Wm Morris. Part IV. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

BLUE JACKETS; or, Adventures Among the "Heathen Chinee," by Edward Greey. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

FOURTEEN TO FORTYFOUR, by Mrs. S. W. Jewett. Hurd & Houghton, Cambridge.

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHARLES DICKENS' READINGS. Taken from Life, by Kate Field. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co., 1871.

THE MILLER OF ANGBAULT. A Novel, by George Sand. Translated by Miss Mary E. Dewey. Boston: Roberts Bros., 1871.

DRESS AND CARE OF THE FEET. New York: Samuel R. Wells, Publisher, 1871.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOLOGY. Parts I., II., III., IV., by Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

PUBLISHERS' CORNER.

SOME changes have been made in the plan of the new national loan announcement worthy of attention.

ITEMS OF INSURANCE.—The capital of the Anchor Life has been increased, and a new secretary added to the working force, which will serve to give the Anchor a firmer hold.

MR. OLMSTED, of the Connecticut Mutual Life, has been promoted to the new office of treasurer, and J. L. Greene fills the office of secretary.

THE National, of New York, and the Craftsman's will not re-insure their risks, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE Hahnemann, of Cleveland, the pioneer homeopathic company has demonstrated the fact by several years experience, that the best class of risks are those which adopt the principles of homeopathy.

THE Empire Life thinks that the risks re-insured of the defunct Farmers and Mechanics will prove a good move on the part of the company. On this point insurance *savans* differ, but the company generally has shown good judgment, and has prospered greatly, and hence ought to know best of the bargain made.

B. F. BECKMAN is the new president of the Merchants. Mr. Phipps and Mr. Holly have resigned. This little company has a carefully chosen list of policy-holders, and the average premium is the largest of any company.

THE Charter Oak occupied its new and beautiful building, in Hartford, on the 1st April.

THE Mutual Life, of Chicago, is pushing its agencies in the East, and has for its years made an excellent report for 1870.

THE North America Life has passed its dividend, and issues its reason why in circular No. 26.

THE remarkable low mortality of the John Hancock, for 1870, shows commendable care in selection of risks, while the goodly dividends declared and paid, ought to satisfy policy-holders in these days of diminishing dividends.

MAY-BEES.—These insects are busy and bright just now. May-be you want a new hat. May-be you don't know where to buy it. May-be you'll buy it of Knox. May-be you'll never buy of any other man. May-be you know how it is yourself.

HOPE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE progress of this vigorous young company has no parallel in the history of life insurance.

In the brief space of about sixteen months it has inaugurated a business of perfectly mammoth dimensions, and the prestige it now holds we believe will be retained, for we know its *executive* officers to be gentlemen of the highest respectability and enterprise, and of great experience in life insurance—men who will continue to cherish and apply the principles of integrity and sound policy in the administration of the company's affairs. To appreciate the extent of the business transacted, it is only necessary to state here that in the brief space named this company issued 6,555 policies, insuring \$13,602,517.

That the business has been done with a care and economy fully satisfactory will be inferred from the following letter of the State Superintendent, who has examined its affairs:

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT, }
ALBANY, March 18, 1871.

Dear Sir: In reply to your inquiry as to the result of my recent examination into the affairs and condition of the Hope Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, I have to say that such examination was most thoroughly made, and it has satisfied me that your company has been managed with energy and ability, that its condition is prosperous and the company solvent.

The amount of business done has been unprecedentedly large for a company so young; and, with continued care and energy in its management, I see no reason why the company should not prove highly successful.

[Signed] Very respectfully yours, etc.,

GEO. W. MILLER, Superintendent.

HENRY A. JONES, Esq., President, etc.,

Hope Mutual Life Insurance Co. of N. Y.

Mr. Henry A. Jones, the indefatigable president, and his associate officers in the executive department, are entitled to the credit of accomplishing these wonderful results, which cannot fail to inspire the fullest confidence in this company.

—Independent.

FINANCIAL.

Brown, Brothers & Co.

59 WALL ST., N. Y.

BILLS OF EXCHANGE on Great Britain and Ireland.

COMMERCIAL AND TRAVELING CREDITS issued, available in any part of the world.

TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS OF MONEY made to and from London and Liverpool.

ADVANCES made on Cotton and other Produce.

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HENRY CLEWS & CO.,

32 WALL ST., N. Y.

Our Business is the same as an Incorporated Bank.

Deposit Accounts can be opened with us in either Currency or Coin, subject to check, without notice.

Five per cent. interest will be allowed upon all daily balances. Checks upon us pass through the Clearing House, as if drawn upon any city bank.

We issue Circular Letters of Credit, for travelers, available in all parts of the world; also Commercial Credits. We make Telegraphic Transfers of Money to any desired point, and transact every description of Foreign Banking Business.

We draw Bills of Exchange in sums from £1 upwards, on

The Imperial Bank and Messrs. Clews, Haight & Co., London.

The Provincial Bank of Ireland, The National Bank of Scotland, and all their branches.

We issue Certificates of Deposit, payable on demand, or at fixed date, bearing interest, and available at all money centers.

Orders executed for Governments and other investment securities, also Gold and Exchange.

Advances made on approved collaterals, and against Merchandise consigned to our care.

We make Collections of Notes, Drafts, Coupons and Dividends with promptness on all points, and are fully prepared to offer Banking facilities upon either currency or gold basis.

No. 20 WALL STREET,
NEW YORK, January 1, 1871.

In connection with the house of
JAY COOKE, McCULLOCH & Co.,

No. 41 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.
We are prepared to purchase and sell
STERLING EXCHANGE,

To issue
Commercial Credits and Circular Letters for Travelers, available in all parts of the world.

To EXECUTE ORDERS IN SECURITIES,
To make
CABLE TRANSFERS OF MONEY,
and to transact any business pertaining to an
AMERICAN BANKING HOUSE IN LONDON.

JAY COOKE & CO.

LOCKWOOD & Co.,

BANKERS,
94 BROADWAY,

Transact a General Banking Business, including the purchase and sale of Government and State Bonds, Railroad Stocks and Bonds, and other securities, on commission.

BANKING HOUSE OF
GEO. OPDYKE & CO.

25 NASSAU ST., COR. CEDAR.

DEPOSITS received from Individuals, Firms, Banks, Bankers, and Corporations, subject to check at sight, and interest allowed at the rate of Four per cent. per annum.

CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT issued, bearing Four per cent. interest, payable on demand, or after fixed dates.

COLLECTIONS made on all accessible points in the United States, Canada and Europe. Dividends and Coupons also collected, and all most promptly accounted for.

ORDERS promptly executed, for the purchase and sale of Gold; also, Government and other Securities, on commission.

INFORMATION furnished, and purchases or exchanges of Securities made for Investors.

NEGOTIATIONS of Loans, and Foreign Exchange effected.

NEW YORK FINANCIAL ASSOCIATION.—
Office, 130 Broadway.—Capital \$100,000.—Shares \$10 each. This Company is organized under Laws of State of New York, to make Loans on Life and Endowment Insurance Policies, and to procure and settle Life Insurance and Death Claims, and for buying and selling Stocks, Bonds and Mortgage Securities, and the Collection of Dividends. Its shares are offered as a First-Class Dividend Paying Security, and are not attended with the risks and losses of ordinary banking.

Address JOHN W. SIMONS, Secretary.

P. O. Box 6800.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Silk Department,

ROTUNDA.

A.T. STEWART & Co.

Have just opened

A LARGE STOCK OF

all the Best Makes in

BLACK

AND PLAIN COLORED

(new shades)

DRESS SILKS.

ALSO,

Real Irish Poplins

of the best manufacture,

Choice Spring colors, in large quantities,

\$2 per yard.

BROADWAY, FOURTH AVENUE,

NINTH AND TENTH STS.

FINE BRONZES

IN NEW COLORS.

Porcelain Jardinieres & Etageres.

CRYSTAL VASES,

Of Elegant Designs and Rich Colors.

Solid Silver Ware, Fine Jewelry, etc.

SCHUYLER, HARTLEY & GRAHAM,

22 John St. and 19 Maiden Lane.

FOR FAMILY USE.

HALFORD

TABLE SAUCE.

No. 128 MILK STREET, BOSTON.

CRAMPTON BROS.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

SOAPS, SPICES,

SALERATUS, & C.,

Mills: 2, 4, 6, 8 & 10 RUTGERS PLACE,

And 33 & 35 JEFFERSON ST., N. Y.

OFFICE: 84 Front St. ADDRESS: P. O. Box 6716.

PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS are for sale at all art-stores throughout the world, but not all pictures offered as Chromos are Prang's American Chromos, and if you desire to buy any of these, we will thank you for examining trade-mark and firm on the back of each copy, before doing so. Illustrated Catalogues will be mailed free to any address upon receipt of postage stamp.

L. PRANG & CO., CHROMO PUBLISHERS,
BOSTON, Mass.

A NEW ERA IN MUSIC!
Unparalleled for Cheapness and Completeness.

Look at the Prices!
DITSON & CO'S STANDARD OPERAS.

Ernani. Lucia de Lammermoor. Martha. Traviata. Trovatore. Faust. Lucrezia Borgia. Norma. Sonnambula. Preciosa. Marriage of Figaro.

Price \$1 00 each; Handsomely Bound, \$2.00. Also instrumental arrangements of Der Freyschutz, Don Giovanni, Ernani, Faust, Lucrezia, Martha, Norma, Sonnambula and Trovatore. Large pages, elegantly bound, \$1.00 each. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. OLIVER DITSON & CO., CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., Boston. New York.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

BRANCH OFFICE
ANDES

INSURANCE COMPANY,
CINCINNATI.

FIRE AND MARINE.
Cash Capital, \$1,000,000.

PRINDLE & MANGAM, Managers,
150 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

ATLANTIC

Mutual Insurance Co.

NEW YORK.

OFFICE, 51 WALL STREET.

ORGANIZED, 1842.

Insures against Marine and Inland Navigation Risks,

and will issue policies making loss payable in England. Its Assets for the security of its policies are more than THIRTEEN MILLION DOLLARS.

The Company is mutual. Its whole profit reverts to the assured, and is divided annually, upon the Premiums terminated during the year. Certificates for which are issued, bearing interest until redeemed.

J. D. JONES, President.
CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-Pres't.
W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-Pres't.
J. D. HEWLETT, 3d Vice-Pres't.
J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

ÆTNA

Insurance Company,

HARTFORD, CONN.

Incorporated 1819. Charter Perpetual

Cash Capital, \$3,000,000.00
Losses paid in 51 years. . . . 7,000,000.00
Assets, at Market Value, . . . 5,744,378.66
Liabilities, 214,372.41

ARCTIC INS. CO.

OF NEW YORK.
Cash Capital, - - \$250,000.00
No. 112 BROADWAY.

CHAS. BAMBURGH, Sec'y. VINCENT TILYU, Pres't.

Citizens' Ins. Co.

156 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Issues Participating Policies, entitling the holders to THREE-FOURTHS OF THE PROFITS.

CASH CAPITAL, \$300,000.00
Assets, Jan. 1st, 1870, 684,444.74

EDW. A. WALTON, Sec. JAS. M. McLEAN, Pres.

B. S. WALCOTT, Pres't I. REMSEN LANE, Sec'y

HANOVER

Fire Insurance Co.

OFFICE:—120 BROADWAY,
(Cor. Cedar Street.) NEW YORK.

THOMAS JAMES, Actuary. CASH ASSETS
Eastern Agency Dep't. \$726,399.94

IMPERIAL

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
LONDON.

ASSETS, . . over \$8,000,000.00 GOLD.

CHIEF OFFICE IN THE U. S.
40 AND 42 PINE STREET.

Hartford Steam Boiler INSPECTION & INS. CO.

CAPITAL, \$500,000.

The Liverpool & London &
Globe Ins. Co.Assets Gold, \$18,400,000.
" in the
United States, 2,000,000.
45 William St.

MERCANTILE Mutual Marine Insurance Co.

35 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

ELLWOOD WALTER, President.
ARCHD. G. MONTGOMERY, Jr., Vice-President.
ALANSON W. HEGEMAN, 2d Vice-Pres't.
C. J. DESPARD, Secretary.

Niagara Fire Ins. Co.

Cash Capital, \$1,000,000. Office, 12 Wall St.
JON. D. STEELE, Pres't. P. NOTMAN, Vice-Pres't.
H. KIP, Secretary.

North American FIRE INSURANCE CO.

Office: 192 Broadway, New York.

Incorporated, A. D. 1823.
CASH CAPITAL, - - - - \$500,000.00.F. H. CARTER, Secretary. R. W. BLEECKER, Pres't.
J. GRISWOLD, Gen'l Ag't. W. BLACKSTONE, V.-Pres't.

North British and Mercantile INSURANCE COMPANY.

Of London and Edinburgh. Established 1809.
CAPITAL, \$10,000,000 GOLD. U. S. Branch Office,
50 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK. Assets in this Country,
\$1,200,000. Policies Issued—Premium and Loss pay-
able in Gold, at option of applicant.

THE PACIFIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

176 BROADWAY,
Howard Building, NEW YORK.ASSETS, over \$1,000,000.
MARINE & INLAND INSURANCE.Average Annual Profit divided amongst the In-
sured, about 30 per cent. A Discount is made in lieu
of Script, if desired.

LIFE INSURANCE.

ÆTNA Life Insurance Co.,

OF

HARTFORD, CONN.

ASSETS, JANUARY 1st, 1871,
\$15,120,686 12.

ANCHOR Life Insurance Comp'y

OF NEW JERSEY.

OFFICE: 178 BROADWAY, N. Y.

This Company has adopted all the best
recent improvements of other Companies
with several special advantages, combining
equity and liberality, not before known, to
which it invites the attention of insurers.E. C. FISHER, President.
JAS. GOPSILL, Vice-Pres't. A. S. FITCH, Sec'y.
E. F. S. HICKS, Ass't-Sec'y.

Charter Oak LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD, CT.

New York Office: No. 183 Broadway.

N. S. PALMER, Gen'l Agent.

Assets,	Income,
\$9,000,000.	\$3,500,000.
Dividends Paid to Insured,	Claims Paid on Policies.
\$2,500,000.	\$250,000.

The only Company that Guarantees ANNUAL
DIVIDENDS, and the first in the U. S. to pay Divi-
dends on and after the First Renewal.
The Hooks and Circulars issued by the Company
will be furnished to any person applying for them.JAMES C. WALKLEY, President.
Z. A. STORRS, Vice-President.
S. H. WHITE, Sec'y and Treas'r.

Connecticut General LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF HARTFORD, CT.

Life and Endowment Policies of every
description issued. All Policies
Non-Forfeitable by their terms.
Dividends paid annually, on
the Contribution plan.Care in the selection of risks, economy, and a pru-
dent investment of its funds, are the determined
purpose of the managers of this Company.

AGENTS WANTED.

T. W. RUSSELL, Sec'y. E. W. PARSONS, Pres't.
A. M. WARD,
Gen'l Ag't for Conn., Mass. and Vermont.

CONTINENTAL Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK,

Offices: 26 Nassau St., cor. Cedar.

OFFICERS:
JUSTUS LAWRENCE, President.
M. B. WYNKOOP, Vice-President.
J. P. ROGERS, Secretary.
S. C. CHANDLER, Jr., Actuary.
E. HERRICK, M.D., Med. Examiner.DIRECTORS:
JAMES B. COLGATE, of Trevor & Colgate, Bankers.
CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW, Late Secretary of State.
JUSTUS LAWRENCE, President.
JOSEPH T. SANGER, Merchant, 45 Liberty Street.
Rev. HENRY C. FISH, D.D., Newark, New Jersey.
RICHARD W. BOGART, of O. M. Bogart & Co., Bankers.
LUTHER W. FROST, New York.No. of Policies issued in 1870, . 12,537
Total Policies issued, 35,000
Assets, \$4,600,000 00

CONTINENTAL Life Insurance Co.

OF
HARTFORD, CONN.

INCORPORATED MAY, 1862.

Assets, January 1st, 1871, . \$2,080,260.20
Ratio of Assets to Liabilities, . \$150 41

THE ORIGINAL "CONTINENTAL."

Issue all desirable forms of Policies.
Part Note, with Percentage Dividends.
All Cash, with Contribution Dividends.
Extra Risks Pay Extra Premiums.
No Days of Grace Allowed.SAMUEL E. ELMORE, President.
F. D. DOUGLASS, Secretary.
H. R. MORLEY, Actuary.
P. M. HASTINGS, M. D., Med. Examiner.

COMMONWEALTH LIFE INSURANCE CO.

178 BROADWAY, N. Y.

OFFICERS:

J. B. PEARSON, President.
JOHN PIERPONT, Vice-President.
F. E. MORSE, Secretary.
A. HUNTINGTON, M. D., Med. Examiner.
All Policies issued by the Commonwealth are
incontestable from the date of issue, and are free
from restrictions on travel.
It permits residence anywhere without extra
charge, except between Latitude 32 North and the
Tropic of Capricorn.
All Policies are non-forfeitable and participate in
the profits of the Company unless otherwise specified.
Thirty days' grace allowed on each payment, and
the Policy held good during that time.
Dividends are declared annually upon all Policies
that have been in force a full year, and are available
on payment of the next annual premium.

DIRECTORS:

JOHN L. BROWNELL, Banker, 28 Broad Street.
WALTER R. BLAKE, Brooklyn, New York.
CHAS. F. DAVENPORT, Lockwood & Davenport, Bankers.
FRANCIS E. MORSE, New Jersey.
J. PIERPONT MORGAN, Dabney, Morgan & Co., Bankers.
JAMES B. PEARSON, President.
JULIUS R. POMEROY, Chambers & Pomeroy, Attorneys.
JOHN PIERPONT, Vice-President.
SETH E. THOMAS, American Clock Company.
ARCHIBALD TURNER, Turner Bros., Bankers.

The Connecticut MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Assets, Dec 31st, 1870, - \$30,915,957.02.
Total Death-Claims paid to date, - \$11,316,351.26
Total Amount of Insurance Outstand-
ing, over - - - - \$181,265,762.00
Dividend payable to its members in
1871, - - - - - \$4,250,000.00

OFFICERS:

JAMES GOODWIN, President.
Z. PRESTON, V.-Pres't. E. B. WATKINSON, V.-Pres't.
W. S. OLINSTEAD, V.-Pres't and Treas.
J. L. GREENE, Sec.
E. W. BRYANT, Act'y. L. S. WILCOX, M.D., Med. Ex.This Company is characterized by great
economy in management; careful selection
of lives; and by highly profitable results
from its investments; and it grants all
desirable forms of Life Insurance upon
strictly equitable terms, and at the cheap-
est attainable rates of cost.

EMPIRE MUTUAL Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

No. 139 BROADWAY.

OFFICERS:

President, Vice-President.
G. HILTON SCRIBNER. GEORGE W. SMITH.
Secretary, Actuary.
SIDNEY W. CROFUT. LEM'L H. WATERS.
Medical Examiner, Supt. of Agencies.
THOS. K. MARCY, M. D. EVERETT CLAPP.

ORGANIZED APRIL 3 1869.

SUCCESS THE CRITERION OF EXCELLENCE.

The EMPIRE MUTUAL has achieved a success almost
unprecedented in the history of Life Insurance.No. of Policies Issued - - 3,349.
Covering in Risks, - \$7,813,850.00.
Premiums, - - - \$369,047.23.
Assets, over - - - \$350,000.00.

ECONOMICAL MUTUAL Life Insurance Co.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The only Life Insurance Company of
Rhode Island. Premiums Non-Forfeitable
from the First Payment. Officers of the
Army and Navy Insured without Extra
Charge. Policies Issued on the Lives of
Females at Table Rates.OFFICE FOR EASTERN NEW YORK:
157 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITYW. T. OKIE, General Agent.
SIMON S. BUCKLIN, Pres't.
C. G. MCKNIGHT, Vice-Pres't.
WM. Y. POTTER, Secretary.

GUARDIAN Mutual Life Ins. Co.,

251 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Assets. . . . \$2,000,000

All Approved Forms of Insurance Issued.
All Policies Non-forfeitable by their terms.
Liberal Modes for the Payment of
Premiums.

ANNUAL DIVIDENDS.

The entire profits of the company will be
divided equitably among the Insured.W. H. PECKHAM, President.
WM. T. HOOKER, Vice-President.
L. McADAM, Secretary.

JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL Life Insurance Co.

BOSTON, MASS.

(Organized as the exponent of the Massachusetts
"Non-Forfeiture" Law.)Hon. GEO. P. SANGER, Pres't.
GEORGE B. AGER, Secretary.
ELIZUR WRIGHT, Actuary.Dividends are declared annually, after the first pay-
ment, available immediately as Cash in payment of
Premium, or to increase the amount of Insurance, at
the option of the Insured. Six Dividends have been
paid since the Company's organization in 1863, or
ONE FOR EVERY YEAR OF BUSINESS.All Policies Non-Forfeitable after ONE payment.
All Cash Policies are entitled to a Paid-up Policy
after ONE Payment.SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Company will make
contracts with Agents in this Agency, corresponding
directly with them. For terms apply toW. S. MANNING, General Agent,
Branch Office, 155 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY

HARTFORD Life & Annuity Ins. Co.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Assets, over Half-a Million Dollars.

PREMIUMS PAYABLE IN CASH.
DIVIDENDS PAID IN CASH.
LOSSES PAID IN CASH.Interest Bearing Policies,
SIX PER CENT. COMPOUND INTEREST
Send for a Pamphlet.W. GRISWOLD, Pres't. J. P. TAYLOR, Sec'y.
D. F. SEYMOUR, Vice-Pres't.
H. E. VALENTINE, Supt. of Agencies.

Active and Reliable Agents Wanted.

Knickerbocker LIFE INSURANCE CO.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE:

No. 161 BROADWAY.

Assets, May, 1870, - \$7,550,000.00

Ann'l Income for 1869, 5,041,000.00

Total amount insured, 70,000,000.00

New Policies issued in 1869, 9,040

ERASTUS LYMAN, President.

GEO. T. SNIFFEN, Secretary.

E. W. DERBY, M.D., Cons'g Physician.

THE MUTUAL Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK,
Nos. 144 & 146 BROADWAY.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

Cash Assets, - \$45,000,000
Invested in Loans on Bond and Mortgage, or United States Stocks.

Issues every approved description of Life and Endowment Policies on selected lives, at MODERATE RATES, returning all surplus annually to the Policyholders, to be used either in payment of premiums, or to purchase additional insurance, at the option of the assured.

OFFICERS:

RICHARD A. McCURDY, Vice-Prest
JOHN M. STUART, Secretary.
F. SCHROEDER, Ass't Secretary,
SHEPPARD HOMANS, Actuary.
LEWIS C. LAWTON, Ass't Actuary.

THE MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Company, OF CHICAGO.

OFFICE IN COMPANY'S BUILDING,
79 AND 81 WELLS STREET.

ASSETS \$500,000,
Securely Invested according to law.
\$105,000 Deposited with Treasurer of State.

All Policies Non-Forfeitable. All Policies Endowment. No restrictions upon travel or residence. All standard forms of Policies issued. Terms liberal. Security unexcelled.

OFFICERS:

MERRILL LADD, Pres't. STEWART MARKS, Sec'y.
EDWIN W. BRYANT, Consulting Actuary.

Active and reliable Agents wanted.

MICHIGAN MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Co.

Office, 93 Griswold St., Detroit.

This Company was organized to secure the benefits of a high rate of interest, and for the retention of Capital in the West.

\$100,000 STATE DEPOSIT.

JOHN J. BAGLEY, Pres't. JAS. C. WATSON, Actuary.
J. S. FARRAND, V.-Pres't. L. M. THAYER, Gen. Agt.
JOHN T. LIGGETT, Sec'y. D. O. FARRAND, M. D.

Its manner of dealing with policy-holders is just and honorable. Its policy-holders are benefited by the high rates of interest. Its losses are paid in 60 days after receipt of proofs. It issues policies only on the CASH plan. Its risks are all carefully selected. It has no new or untried plans.

MANHATTAN Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

Office: Nos. 156 & 158 Broadway.

ORGANIZED A. D., 1850.

Assets, - - - \$7,500,000

Annual Income, - - - 2,500,000

Dividends are made on a Contribution Plan, and are paid annually, commencing on the payment of the second annual premium.

HENRY STOKES, President.

J. L. HALSEY, Sec. C. Y. WEMPLE, Vice-Pres't.
H. Y. WEMPLE, Ass't Sec. S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.

AGENTS WANTED.

NEW ENGLAND RAILWAY

Mutual Life Insurance Co. OF BOSTON.

(ORGANIZED IN - - - 1843.)

THE OLDEST MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO.
IN THE UNITED STATES.

Cash Assets, - - \$8,000,000.00

Every Description of Life and Endowment Policies Issued.

All Policies Non-Forfeitable.

J. M. GIBBENS, Sec'y. B. F. STEVENS, Pres't.
S. S. STEVENS, Agent,
110 Broadway, New York.

NINE MILLIONS

ASSETS.

The Northwestern Mutual Life
OF MILWAUKEE, WIS.

PHENIX Mutual Life Insurance Company OF HARTFORD, CONN.

ASSETS, - - - \$5,500,000.

Issues all Forms of Life and Endowment Policies on ALL CASH or Half Note Plan.

Nearly all Restrictions on Business and Travel Removed.

Dividends have uniformly been fifty per cent. on the full amount of Premium paid.

Dividends may be applied to increase the Insurance, or to reduce the Premium, as the applicant may elect.

J. F. BURNS, Secretary. E. FESSENDEN, President.

Branch Office: 153 Broadway, N. Y.
A. C. GOODMAN, Resident Director.

REPUBLIC LIFE Insurance Co., CHICAGO.

NEW YORK OFFICE: 409 BROADWAY.
CAPITAL, - - - \$5,000,000.
H. LASSING, Manager.

OFFICERS:

JOHN V. FARWELL, President.
A. W. KELLOGG, Vice-President.
PAUL CORNELL, Second Vice-Pres't.
ORREN E. MOORE, Secretary,
I. N. HARDIN, Treasurer.

DIRECTORS:

J. V. FARWELL, ANSON STAGER,
PAUL CORNELL, W. S. CARTER,
CHAUNCEY T. BOWEN, I. N. HARDIN,
C. B. FARWELL, T. M. AVERY,
LEONARD SWET, C. M. CARY,
WILLIAM BROSS, W. T. ALLEN,
F. D. GRAY, H. A. HURLBUT,
A. C. HESING, GEO. C. SMITH,
H. W. KING, A. B. MEERER,
C. M. HENDERSON, S. M. MOORE,
S. A. KENT, A. W. KELLOGG.

STOCK PLAN: LOW RATES.

"It is needless and expensive to pay out money or notes to a Life Insurance Company for the purpose only of having the same returned."—Hon. WILLIAM BARNES, late Superintendent Insurance Department of New York.

PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY

OF HARTFORD, CT.

Issues Tickets of Insurance against

ACCIDENTS.

J. G. HATTERSON, Pres't. C. D. PALMER, Sec'y.

This Company has Paid in Losses

\$152,721.74 for \$990.70

Received in Premiums.

Cash Assets, - \$426,165.29.

SAFETY DEPOSIT Life Insurance Co.

OF CHICAGO.

Hon. JESSE K. DUBOIS, . . . President.

ATLANTIC BRANCH:

No. 161 Broadway, New York.

O. R. KINGSBURY, Pres't N. Y. Advisory Board.
JAS. H. INGERSOLL, Vice-Pres't
S. E. SEYMOUR, General Manager.
C. H. WELLS, Associate Manager.

The distinguishing features of this Company are: that it is the only Company compelled by Law to deposit with the State, semi-annually, its Re-insurance Reserve, thereby making it the model Company of the period, in the striking fact that all Policy-holders are absolutely secured by State custody and protection.

SECURITY Life Insurance and Annuity Co., 31 and 33 Pine St., New York.

ASSETS, - - - \$2,400,000
INCOME, - - - \$1,400,000

Successful Progress of the Company:

Year	New Policies.	No. of Policies issued each y'r.	Gross Receipts.	Amount Insured by New Policies.	Total Gross Assets.
1861,	211	21,423	489,000	122,857	
" 1862,	888	80,538	1,039,550	160,092	
" 1863,	1,403	149,411	2,819,741	249,831	
" 1864,	2,134	221,827	4,841,280	425,027	
" 1865,	3,325	601,651	7,526,509	753,398	
" 1866,	4,024	880,000	9,070,805	1,286,390	
" 1867,	4,386	1,055,000	11,561,000	1,854,570	
" 1868,	6,358	1,408,525	17,062,590	2,377,652	

No Restrictions on Travel.
All Policies Non-Forfeitable after Three Annual Cash Payments.
Every description of Policy issued on the most favorable terms.

ROBT' L. CASE, THEO. R. WETMORE,
President. Vice-President.

ISAAC H. ALLEN, Secretary.
REUBEN H. UNDERHILL, Counsel.
DR. STEPHEN WOOD, Medical.
DR. SAMUEL SEXTON, Examiners.

\$700 a Day FOR SEVEN YEARS Paid in Benefits to Policy-holders

BY THE

TRAVELERS Life and Accident

Insurance Company,

OF HARTFORD.

New York Office: 207 Broadway
AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

UNITED STATES LIFE

Insurance Company,
48 WALL STREET,
NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED 1850.

Cash Assets, nearly \$4,000,000

The Principal Features of this Company are
ABSOLUTE SECURITY,
ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT, and
LIBERALITY to the INSURED

ALL FORMS OF
Life and Endowment Policies
ISSUED.

JOHN E. DE WITT, President.
DANIEL W. LEEDS, Secretary.
WM. D. WHITING, Actuary.

NEW YORK LIFE Insurance Company.

346 AND 348 BROADWAY.

Organized May 1845.

ASSETS, - - - over \$13,000,000.

ANNUAL INCOME over \$6,000,000. NON-FORFEITURE PLAN originated by this Company. ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE. PURELY MUTUAL—Policy-Holders receiving all the Profits. Dividends paid annually, available in settlement of second and all subsequent Annual Premiums. Cash Dividends paid Policy-Holders in 1869, more than one and a half million dollars.

New Policies issued in 1868, 9,105, ins'g \$30,765,947.

1869, 10,717, " 34,446,303.

The following Tables concisely exhibit the progress of the Company during the past six years.

Year	Premiums, &c.	Amounts received for accumulation of As- Cash Dividends	actually paid.
1864,	\$1,729,810	\$1,035,412	\$693,555
1865,	2,345,818	1,277,370	250,384
1866,	3,088,804	1,990,643	282,224
1867,	3,591,290	2,150,662	381,939
1868,	4,678,280	2,841,069	1,255,865
1869,	5,974,797	3,327,102	1,535,399
	21,408,899	10,622,258	3,760,386

During the six years \$3,345,346 have been disbursed for losses, \$2,769,386 have been returned to Policy-Holders in Dividends, and yet the Assets exhibit an increase during that period of over ten and a half million dollars.

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.
WM. H. BEERS, Vice-Pres't and Actuary.
THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.

C. C. KIMBALL,

General Agent for the above old and substantial Company for Connecticut.

OFFICE: 240 MAIN STREET, HARTFORD.

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